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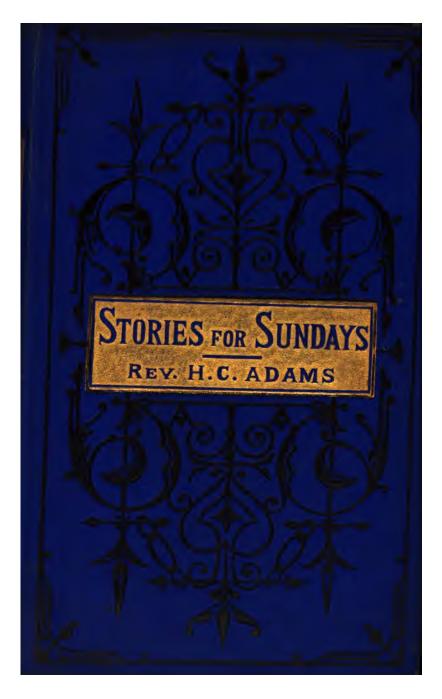
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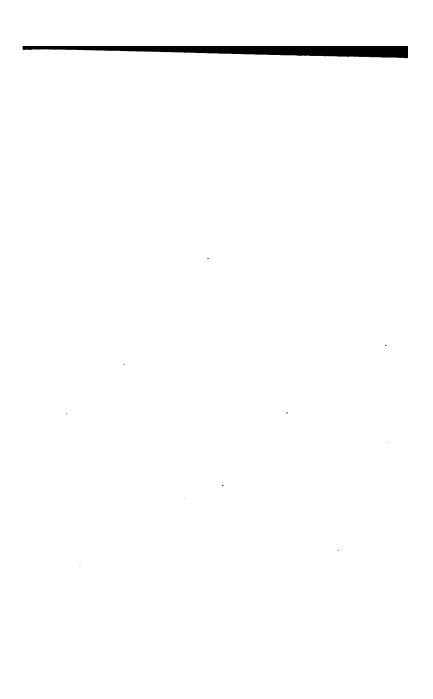
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# STORIES FOR SUNDAYS:

OR,

Tales Illustratibe of Scripture.

BY

REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

Vicar of Dry Sandford,

AUTHOR OF "BARFORD BRIDGE," "SCHOOLBOY HONOUR," ETC.

"God takes a text, and preacheth..." GEO. HERBERT.

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### THE SOLITARY ISLAND.

T was about sunrise one morning in the month of November, 1820. His Majesty's frigate *Erato*, was running before the wind, about a hundred miles or so to the westward of the

Marquesas, and Wilford Kirby, the second lieutenant, was beguiling the tedium of his watch by a conversation with Tom Crossman, the ship's coxswain—an old salt, who had passed fifty years of his life afloat. kinds of tales were current about the adventures of this latter in early youth. He had certainly seen much service in the Spanish Main, and it was generally believed, had more than once sailed with the pirate captains who had infested those seas after the suppression of the Buccaneers. The old man could seldom be induced to speak on the subject—some said, because some of his former exploits might get him into trouble even now, if they were known: others, who knew him better, attributed his reserve to the shame and penitence with which he remembered his former career. For whatever Tom's early life might have been, he was now at least a pattern of what a Christian sailor should be. This circumstance had

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5 10 - 11 - 11 - 11 E E E 2.EX scored all over with lines, like one of the old pewter plates belonging to our mess. But it was all no good. Joel wouldn't mind any one but a gentleman who was on board as a passenger—sent out by a merchant's house, they said, about some property in the Marquesas. But I never rightly knew what the business was."

"What was his name?" asked the lieutenant, with

some appearance of interest.

"It was a two-syllable name, I think, and began with W," replied Crossman; "I can't exactly recall it, though I'm pretty sure I should know it if I heard it again. Well, he took a great interest in poor Drew; and went on quite a different tack with him from what the skipper took. He'd go and sit with him by the hour when he was in irons, and talk kind and friendly, and read the Bible and good books to him. And if you'll believe me, I've seen the tears run down that man's cheeks, while the passenger was remonstrating with him, which the cat never once brought into his eyes. Once or twice he was got to ask pardon, and promised to go on different: But the first time as he thought he was being put upon, he was as bad as ever."

"Did Captain Collier allow the gentleman to visit Drew when he was under arrest?" asked the officer in

some surprise.

"He never forbade it, though I don't think he much liked it. But you see, sir, the Cap'en was painted, as many other Cap'ens are, a good deal blacker than he really was. Things, however, kept getting worse and worse: and at last the skipper swore that he wouldn't keep Drew in the ship any longer; and the first land they came to, he should be put ashore. We all knew that the Cap'en would be dead sure to keep his word; and we hoped, for every one pitied poor Joel, that we shouldn't sight any land till we came to the Marquesas. One morning, however, the look-out

at the masthead sang out that land was to be seen on the lee-beam: and as soon as we came near enough Cap'en Collier ordered a boat to be manned, to carry Drew ashore. They were just going to put off, when the passenger asked them to wait a few minutes while he went to speak to the Cap'en, who was down in his cabin—not liking, I suppose to see the poor fellow sent to his death: for the island evidently contained nothing to support life, though he was none the less fixed to send him to it."

"And did he really persuade the Captain to pardon

the man?" asked Kirby.

"He didn't ask that, sir. He knew 'twould be no good. He only begged that the poor chap might be allowed to take some live-stock and roots and seeds ashore with him, as well as enough provisions to keep him alive for a few months. There were plenty of these in the ship, as we had some other passengers who were going to settle in the newly discovered land about Port Jackson, and besides, our voyage had been an unusually short one."

"And what did the Captain say?"

"The steward told me as he fell into a terrible passion; but the passenger stood up to him like a man. At last the skipper in his anger swore that he would grant the petition, but only on one condition: which was that the gentleman himself should go on shore along with Joel, and then, as he said, he'd be rid of two plagues at once, a mutinous scoundrel and a canting humbug. He didn't, in my judgment, mean anything more than to put a stopper on the passenger's palaver, and was a good deal taken aback when the terms were accepted."

"Accepted!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby, in astonishment, "why surely you don't mean——"

"But I do," said the old man, dropping his voice

a little. "I don't believe there was another man alive as would have done it, but he did. It was the first thing as ever gave me a true notion of what one man's love for another really might be; and I bless God and that gentleman for teaching it me. He held the skipper to his word: and the skipper didn't go from it: though he looked, I thought, for the only time I ever knew in his life, ashamed of himself. two men were landed on the island—poor Joel could hardly be kept from jumping into the sea, and drowning himself, so as to prevent the necessity of his companion's being punished with him. They was landed, with spades and axes and sailcloth, and presents of all sorts which a'most every man in the ship made 'em. besides live-stock and seed of all kinds. The largest boat would hardly hold it all; and when the gentleman stepped ashore, the whole of the boat's crew, midshipman and all, stood up and gave him three cheers, as if he had been the king himself."

"And how long did they stay there?" inquired the

lieutenant.

"Not very long, sir—three months or thereabouts, if I remember right. The Argus sighted the island on her voyage homeward, and Captain Collier sent ashore and fetched them on board again, saying that Drew had been punished enough. I believe in my conscience that the skipper hurried back as fast as he could, and contrived purposely that the ship should pass that way. And he had transacted the passenger's business for him, as well, they said, as he could have done it himself. So that he lost nothing, after all, by his stay in the island. I heard him say, however, that if it had not been for the provisions they took with them, he and Drew must have died miserably in a very short time."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted

by one of the men, who came to report that land was to be seen at a distance it was supposed of about twenty miles.

Lieutenant Kirby, who knew that the water had been failing for the last few days, and that the Captain was anxious to take in a fresh supply, immediately went down with the news to the Captain. He soon returned with an order to make direct for the land, and lie off while a boat was despatched with as many water-casks as it would hold.

"I have asked leave to be the officer of the party," he said, addressing Crossman, "and I wish you would make one of the crew. After your story of this morning, I should quite like to land on one of these islands, which perhaps may be something like the scene of the adventure you described; only I am afraid it appears too rocky."

Crossman willingly assented; and as soon as the frigate had arrived within a mile or so of the island, the cutter with four men and Mr. Kirby steering, put off, and after half an hour's row approached the shore, which seemed more rugged and dangerous the nearer they drew to it. A mass of rocks rising almost precipitously to the height of four or five hundred feet formed apparently the backbone of the island, completely dividing it into two parts. About half way up there was a broad ledge, upon which there appeared to be some depth of earth; and wherever this was the case trees and shrubs of various kinds grew abundantly. The shore beneath was thickly strewn with rocks; over which the surf broke in seething masses, presenting so many obstacles that Mr. Kirby would have ordered the boat to be rowed round the furthest point of rock in the hope of finding a better landing place, had not Power, one of the men, pointed out to him a stream of clear water running down the cliff at a distance of only a few hundred yards; from which it would be easy to obtain as much water as might be required. This decided Mr. Kirby. A landing was effected with some difficulty: and the whole party proceeded to roll the casks up to the spot

pointed out by Power.

Their task occupied them a longer time than they had expected, and they were too busily engaged to notice the sudden change in the weather which had taken place during the last hour. When they left the ship, the sky was beautifully calm, and the breeze blowing steadily and softly. Now the heaven was black with angry clouds, and the wind rising every minute higher, rendered their return to the ship a matter of danger. They noticed also a signal of recall floating at the masthead of the frigate, which was prepared evidently to cut its cable the moment they had rejoined her.

"Quite right too, Mr. Kirby," said old Crossman; "yonder is as ugly-looking a sky as I ever saw, and the wind 'll blow great guns before the hour is up.

The sooner we are off this the better."

"We had better not stop to heave the casks on

board, I suppose?" said Power.

"Not unless you mean us to go to the bottom," said the old man, somewhat gruffly. "We must be off this minute, if we are to reach the ship at all, which I doubt. Give me the tiller, Mr. Kirby, if you don't mind. I've been in one or two brushes as bad as this, tho' never worse, and I'll bring you through it, if it be possible."

With all imaginable speed the men got into the boat, Crossman steering, and Kirby pulling the bow oar. But they had not gone three hundred yards from shore, when the hurricane burst upon them, with a fury which can only be realized by those who have experienced such a conflict of the elements. The sky

became in a moment as black as midnight, and the wind catching the broadside of the boat, overturned it as if it had been a cockleshell. The crew were plunged into the sea to struggle as they best might for their lives. Wind and tide were fortunately both inshore, and after a short struggle with the waves, three of the five succeeded in reaching dry land. Bruised and shaken, but not otherwise injured, they contrived to creep for shelter into one of the caves with which the cliffs abounded, and there passed the night.

On the following morning, the gale had abated sufficiently to allow of their venturing forth from their retreat. The frigate had disappeared from the offing, and after a long and careful search no trace of their

boat could be discovered.

"We must stay here, that's certain," observed Mr. Kirby. "If the *Erato* weathers the gale, she will

come back and look for us, I daresay."

Old Crossman shook his head. "She must come pretty quick, to do us any good," he said; "and that's what we can't expect her to do. There's no saying how far she may have been driven, or what damages she may have sustained."

"'Twouldn't take so long to repair'em," said Power, the third of the party; "and, anyway, they could come

and pick us up when they put to sea again."

"Twouldn't be of no use, Jem Power," said Crossman. "Unless this island's different from all others of the same make about here, it has nothing on it as will keep us alive. It is not like the coral reefs, you see, sir, where the driftwood and the weed collects, and the birds bring seeds of fruit trees in their stomachs, and the whole soil gets covered with cocoas and breads and the like. What trees and shrubs there are on this island have grown there, I suppose, from

the first. Anyways, nothing in the way of food, except perhaps crabs and lobsters and turtle, is ever found on 'em."

"Well, the Erato may have escaped damage altogether," said the lieutenant, "and come back to fetch

us almost immediately."

"So she may, sir, and so she will, if it's God's pleasure," said the old man, reverently lifting his hat as he spoke; "or another vessel may heave in sight, or something else we don't expect may happen. I know right well we're in His hands, and that He'll help us. But we must try and help ourselves too, and the first thing is to get away from this shelf of rock which shuts us in on all sides. We may find things different on the other side of the island. We can't round the cliffs to seaward, so we must climb over them."

"We shall never do that," exclaimed Power, measuring the precipices with his eye. "Nothing but a

bird, or perhaps a goat, could get up there."

"We must try, nevertheless," observed Mr. Kirby. "It's our only chance; we have the axe that was brought to clear away the brushwood, that is lucky."

"Yes, sir, and the hammer and spikes that was used for securing the casks, and here is a coil of rope I took out of the boat, and the boathook I found on the rocks. By the help of these we shall manage it, if we go stoutly to work. We had best set about it at once before the sun gets too hot, and take the biscuits to eat when we are half way up."

"All right, Crossman; I am ready, if you and Power

are."

The party accordingly commenced the ascent. The lieutenant led the way, armed with the hatchet, and having the hammer slung round his neck. Power came next with the coil of rope, and old Crossman in the rear, carrying the boathook. The first range of

precipices was about two hundred feet high, and in some places so steep, that it seemed, as Power had said, that the goats and the birds alone could surmount It was well that they had the axe, by the help of which they could cut steps in some of the worst places; and the boathook and rope, which enabled them to grapple roots of trees and other projections. otherwise out of their reach; well also that they were all three resolute men, of steady nerve, and long accustomed to climbing, or they could hardly have reached the top in safety. As it was, after three hours continuous exertion, they found themselves on the summit of the first ridge of rock, from which began the easy slope extending for a hundred yards or so upwards, which was clothed, as has before been said, with trees and shrubs. Arrived here, they flung themselves exhausted on the ground, to recover from their fatigue, and take their repast under the pleasant shade of the wild cotton trees, of which the grove seemed to be mainly composed.

"That is well over, sir," said Crossman; "now the next thing—as soon as we are rested—will be to search for breadfruit or cocoa nuts. I am afraid I have seen nothing to give much hope of finding them, but it is quite possible nevertheless. It will be too late to attempt crossing the higher ridge to-day, so we may give up the remainder of the afternoon to the search."

The others acquiesced, and the rest of the day was spent in a careful examination of the various trees of which the wood was composed, particularly of such as gave any promise of yielding fruits. But after that they had passed several hours in the quest, they were obliged to confess that they had failed entirely in their endeavour, and lay down to rest weary and disappointed. The next morning they awoke, somewhat refreshed by sleep, but ravenously hungry: and

prepared to renew their attempts to cross the ridge which divided them from the other half of the island. Their task proved even more difficult than they had found it on the previous day; and several times the risk they ran was so imminent, that nothing but the certainty that their lives depended on their success, could have induced them to persevere. Half maddened by hunger and thirst they struggled on; and about ten o'clock in the forenoon the last ridge was surmounted, and they stood on the small stretch of tableland which lay beyond it.

"Now for it, Mr. Kirby," exclaimed Crossman, staggering forward as he spoke; "in another minute we shall know our fate." The next moment he uttered a cry of astonishment and threw himself upon his knees,

exclaiming, "We are saved, we are saved!"

His companions pressed eagerly forward to his side, and stood rooted in equal astonishment at the strange and lovely scene which disclosed itself to their eyes. The island was not of much greater extent here than it was on the side which they had just surmounted, but it sank down with a long easy descent to the shore; and the whole of the upper slopes was covered with groves of fruit trees in full bearing, intermingled with patches of garden ground, in which crops of vegetables of various kinds were growing, among which the experienced eye of Crossman could discern yams, peas, sweet potatoes, and Indian corn. Nor was this all. The lower portion of the descent was clothed with grass for several hundred acres, and upon these two-or three flocks of sheep were quietly grazing.

"We are saved, Mr. Kirby," repeated Crossman ashe rose to his feet again—"saved from death, and a painful one too, as surely as we were yesterday when we were thrown ashore by the sea. To tell you the honest truth, sir, I didn't think ten minutes ago that our lives were worth a penny. The hand of God has been here, sir, and He has saved us."

They descended the hillside, making fresh discoveries at every step. Along the banks of a sparkling stream water-melons and pumpkins grew abundantly; groups of orange and apple trees, and occasionally of figs and limes, succeeded each other in endless profusion; and here and there vines, which had been carefully trained round the stems of trees, presented their clusters of ripe and luscious fruit.

"There must be Europeans on this island," said Kirby. "Few or none of these fruits can be the natural growth of the soil. Perhaps, who knows, we may light on some of our own countrymen, and by their help we may all be enabled to get away to our own

homes again."

"You are right, Mr. Kirby," observed Crossman; "some settlers must have established themselves here, though it's strange that we've found no trace of 'em yet. However, we are twice the men we were before that dinner of grapes and figs, which were the finest I ever tasted, and if we keep a sharp look-out we can't fail of finding 'em before nightfall."

They renewed their quest with greater diligence than before, and in an hour's time made another discovery; which proved them to be right in the main, though mistaken in one point of their conjectures. On a flat piece of rocky ground, just at the place where the wood joined the meadow land, a cabin had been built, of wreckwood, apparently, and roofed with staves of barrels and fragments of boxes and planks. Inside it was furnished with a table, two stools, and a wooden bedstead, and implements for cooking stood on some rough shelves secured to the walls. In front of the hut a cask had been sunk in the bed of the tiny rivulet which flowed before the door and still afforded a

supply of clear fresh water. Under the shelter of a projecting piece of rock some stones had been laid. evidently for the purpose of cooking and the rock above was still blackened by the smoke. But there was no trace of recent occupation. The floor of the hut was heaped with withered leaves and sand, which the wind had driven there, year after year, without interruption: and the roof had suffered from the heavy rains which fall during the winter, though not enough to render it unfit for habitation. Kirby and his companions searched in vain for any traces of human remains, or of the graves in which they might have been interred; and came to the conclusion, that whoever the inhabitants might have been, they must long since have quitted the island.

"But they stayed long enough to save our lives," said the lieutenant, as the three sat down, a few days afterwards, to such a dinner as they had never tasted the like of before. "I only wish they were present now, that we might thank them for it."

"Right, sir," said Crossman, "and I guess you'd say, that even more heartily, if you had seen what I saw to-day."

"Aye, indeed, Tom; and what was that?" inquired

both his messmates with awakened curiosity.

"Just let me ask you, Mr. Kirby, if I rightly understood you to say the other day, that your father, years ago, went by a different name than that of Kirby?"

"Quite right, Tom," said the officer. "My father's name was Wilford—Evelyn Wilford. I am called Wilford after him. He took the name of Kirby when he married my mother some five-and-twenty years ago. But what has that to do with the people who settled on this island?"

"A great deal, Mr. Kirby. You remember, I dare-

say, that I went down this morning to fetch the turtle we had turned. I wasn't satisfied with the path we took to the beach, and fancied there must be a nearer way along the cliff yonder. I found I was right, and presently came upon some steps cut in the rock leading direct to the small cove, which seems to be the only safe landingplace on the island. Just at the bottom of these steps a post had been fixed in the ground, and a piece of board nailed crosswise to it. There was a dozen words or so, cut in broad letters on the board, and what do you think those words were, sir?"

"I cannot guess," said Kirby; "stay, surely you cannot mean—" he added a moment afterwards, as a confused recollection of the story told him by Crossman on board the *Erato* came across him—" surely,

Crossman, you cannot mean-"

"But I do mean it, sir," returned the old man, "and you must go down there and read it for yourself. It seems to me as if it was too good to be told. Come, sir, we've done our dinner. Let us go and see it together."

Mr. Kirby and Power followed Crossman along the winding path and down the rocky steps, until they reached the spot where the post had been set up, and there, rudely graved by a sailor's knife, the young man read the inscription—

EVELYN WILFORD
JOEL DREW

Landed on this island Nov. 17th, 1795. Left it, March 1st, 1796.

"Yes, sir," said old Crossman, as he saw the tears gathering thick in his officer's eyes, "this is your father's island. It is strange that I never guessed it; or that you were his son, but the change of name puzzled me. And it would be stranger still that you

had never heard the tale, if it wasn't that your father was too true a Christian to tell of his own good deeds. But for certain this is his island. He it must have been who first planted these fruit trees, and sowed the crops. It was here he risked his own life to save poor Joel Drew's: and you see, under God's blessing, he has been the saving of ours also."

A few months afterwards, as Power early one morning ascended a high rock to examine the horizon by the help of Mr. Kirby's glass, he saw a large ship in the distance, to all appearance making sail directly for the island. He immediately summoned his companions, and the three watched it with anxious eves as it slowly neared them. They soon satisfied themselves that she was English-rigged; and shortly afterwards the welcome sight of the British ensign at the peak, placed the question beyond a doubt. Presently she lay to. A boat was lowered, and made straight for the small cove, the crew being evidently directed in their movements by an elderly man with snow-white hair, who sate in the stern sheets. boat drew near, Kirby could distinguish the old man's features through his telescope. He hurried down to meet the party; and in a few moments the father and son were locked in each other's embrace.

They did not re-embark till late that evening. Mr. Kirby and his son had time to roam together over the woods and meadows, so full of happy memories to both, and hearken each to the narrative of the other's adventures. Mr. Kirby related how the *Erato* had been driven into Lima almosta wreck: but the Captain had transmitted to England the particulars of the disaster; in consequence of which a vessel had been sent in search of the missing seamen, and Mr. Kirby had obtained permission to accompany the expedition. Wilford, in his turn, told the tale of his

shipwreck and peril—how he and his companions had toiled up the face of the precipice, looking forward to nothing but a lingering death—until they reached the mountain ridge; and the smiling paradise in which they had lived in ease and security broke suddenly upon them. Then both stood still and contemplated the scene before them, which the southern sunset was now illuminating with a flood of glory; and as they gazed on the spot, which the one had found a barren waste, and the other a fruitful garden, "the sower and the reaper rejoiced together."

Doubtless their joy was great—as great, perhaps, as is possible in this world. Yet how small was it nevertheless, when compared with the joy of the Everlasting Morning; when the faithful pastor, and the God-fearing ruler, and the pious parent, shall meet those for whom they have prayed and laboured, at the gate of Heaven; and know that under God, the salvation of those they loved has been their work. Then, and not till then, the words of the Lord Jesus will have their perfect fulfilment. "He that reapeth, receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."





# THE STRANGE GUEST.

T was a bitter night about the middle of March. Farmer Rice's family had finished their somewhat scanty supper, and were crowding round their equally scanty fire, endeavouring to

shelter themselves, as well as they could, against the

cold.

"Put on another log, lads," said the farmer; "the fuel's short, but we can't stint on a night like this. There will be a heavy fall before morning, I expect: and hark how the wind comes down the glen, fit to take the roof of the house off, pretty nigh."

"A bad night for the lambs, master," said David Williams, an old farm servant, who lived in the house. "If the snow does fall, I judge we shall have worse luck than we had last year. And there ain't no need

for that neither."

"No indeed, David. If the lambs fail, I don't see how the rent's to be made up, let alone the doctor's

bill, and the linendraper's, and the rest."

"Old Mr. Reeves 'ull give you time, to be sure," said John, the second son. "He knows, or ought to know, anyway, as 'tisn't our fault."

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The farmer shook his head. "Mr. Reeves knows nowt about the property," he said; "old as he is, he's only just come into it. This new agent, McDougal, is a hard man, and wants to curry favour with the family, they say, by raising the rents. I am afraid we have small chance of favour with him."

"Aye, you're right, Evan, worse luck," observed Mrs. Rice. "I forgot to tell you McDougal's been up here this morning about the Eight-acre meadow. He says if we are to remain at the same rent, we must give up that to the new tenant at Hollydale. I told him 'twas the best bit of land we had, and we couldn't make up the rent without it. But that was no odds to him. I judge he knew that before I told him."

Evan's face grew very red. "Give up the Eightacre!" he said, starting up; "why it's always gone with this farm. My father, and his father before him, have occupied it this sixty years or more. I call that downright tyranny! I'll see Mr. Reeves before I agree

to let it go, that I will!"

"He's too clever for us, father," said Hugh, the eldest of the family. "Mr. Reeves has gone abroad for a twelvemonth at least, or more—gone to America, they think, though that ain't certain. They say as he can't get over Mr. John's death, and Mr. Aytoun—that's he as married Miss Reeves,—by all accounts leads him such a life as he can't abide. He went only this morning; I heard it two hours ago at Greyford. That's the reason, depend on it, why McDougal has said nothing about the Eight-acre till now; he's had his eye on it ever so long. They say James Howell has promised him a tenpound note if he'll get it for him."

The farmer sank down again in his chair. "We shall have to go to the workhouse, old woman," he said. "Well, 'tain't no fault of ours. We've worked

early and late, and pinched all we could; and if so be as we are drove out of the old house, where we and ours have lived so long, it's just the Lord's will, and we must bear it. But as for the Eight-acre—"

"Hark!" interrupted Mrs. Rice, "I thought I heard

a voice."

Everyone listened! but the only sound audible was the howling of the wind as it rushed down the glen, and the farmer resumed.

"As for the Eight-acre, 'tis certain we can't make the rent without it; but we can't be obliged to give the field up before Michaelmas, and that's more than six months off. And before that time comes, Mr. Reeves may have returned. He'd see justice done, I make no doubt, if only——"

"Hark again," exclaimed Mrs. Rice; "I am sure I hear some one crying out. And look how the latch of the door shakes! some one is trying to open it who

doesn't know that it's locked."

"I hear'un," said David, "but I'd let 'un bide if I was you, measter. Anyway I wouldn't open the door till I knew who 'twas."

Rice stepped to the door, and called out to know

who was there.

"An old man—all but dead with the cold," was the answer, made in a voice so feeble, that it was

scarcely audible through the tumult without.

The farmer put his hand on the key, as if to unlock the door; but at another warning look from the old farm servant he drew it back. The farmhouse stood in a solitary situation, the nearest cottage being a quarter of a mile distant. In those days it was no uncommon occurrence for houses to be plundered, and the inmates perhaps murdered, by gangs of ruffians who obtained admission by pretending to be travellers seeking shelter. Rice was half inclined to bid the untimely visitor pass on to the village, about half a mile off, when another gust of wind more violent than any that had preceded it, sent a shower of sleet down the wide chimney, bearing witness to the fury of the storm outside.

" It would be murder to refuse to open," he muttered; "we must take our chance." He turned the lock as he spoke, and the next minute a tall thin figure tottered, rather than advanced, into the room, and sank for support upon the nearest chair. The door was immediately secured again, and the inmates proceeded to render what help they could to their visitor. had rightly described himself as an old man, and nearly frozen to death. But it was difficult to gather anything more from his personal appearance. clothes were old and of coarse materials, and his hat, battered by the wind out of all shape, afforded scarcely any protection to his head. His features were those of a man who had undergone much pain and hardship, but from the whiteness of his hands it was plain that he had done but little manual work. Old David shook his head, as he pointed out this circumstance to his master. He might be a tramp, but if so he was one who had pursued begging as his occupation for many years past. There was, however, no opportunity of obtaining more information for the present. was evidently too much exhausted to communicate any particulars respecting himself, even if he were inclined to give them. A cup of warm ale and some coarse barley bread were given to him, and swallowed with all the ravenousness of long abstinence; he was then conveyed upstairs by the males of the party, and consigned to little Lucy Rice's bed, which she had volunteered to surrender to him.

"You'll see I was right," grumbled old David, as they parted for the night.

The next day found the old man somewhat less feeble than he had been on the previous evening; but still in a state so precarious, that common humanity forbade his removal from the house. Nor did the Rices appear anxious to rid themselves of the burden of his presence. He was nursed with a humanity which could hardly have been looked for under the circumstances. Food which could be but ill spared from the family meals, was reserved for his use: medicines, and even wine, were fetched from the nearest town; and one member or another of the family was always in attendance on him. As is commonly the case, this benevolence had the effect of heightening the interest felt for their patient. The latter did not express his gratitude in the warm language which many under the circumstances would have used. He seldom spoke, and when he did, it was only as much as was abso-There was a nervous anxiety in lutely necessary. his looks and movements, which could not escape notice. Old David continued to give vent to his predictions—declaring that now they had got the old man into their house, they would find it a hard matter to get quit of him again. Several days had passed thus, and the sick man had recovered sufficiently to be able to resume his journey, when he one morning accosted Mrs. Rice as she was leaving his room, and asked whether he might be allowed to remain in the house for a few days more.

"You mustn't think I am not thankful, dame," he said; "I haven't the means of repaying you now, but if ever I should have——"

"Don't speak of that," said the good wife; "there wouldn't be any difficulty on that score. You have been kindly welcome to the best we could give: but you see, as regards your stay here"—it must be admitted that old David and his ill prophecies were in

her mind as she spoke—"we don't know anything not that my husband thinks there's aught amiss—nor I

But it seems strange like—

"It seems strange that I don't tell you who I am, and why I am here in this condition—that is what you mean," said the old man. "Well, I daresay it does. But I can't tell you that—not now, that is. question is whether you will trust me without being told, or not, You have done more for me than I had any right to expect as it is, and I can't complain if you refuse to keep me longer. I know that."

"We shouldn't wish you to go till you had got

quite right again," said Mrs. Rice.

"You would have to keep me for a long time, I am afraid, if you waited for that. I shall never be quite right again as long as I am in this world. But I don't ask that. I only ask to be allowed to stay eight days more. To-day is the 20th, and I don't want to remain

after the 28th. May I stay till then?"

"I'll ask my husband," said the farmer's wife, a good deal puzzled what to answer. There did not seem to be any particular reason why the old man should remain for the exact period he named. He himself indeed had admitted that fact. Why then should he make the request? It looked as though old David was right, after all, and their visitor simply wanted an excuse to protract his stay as long as they would keep him!

"There's one other thing I should like to ask," added the invalid, as Mrs. Rice was leaving the room. "If the people—if people, I mean, come here enquiring after me, don't tell them, please, that I am here. don't want to see them."

Mrs. Rice stopped on her way to the door. " What people do you mean?" she asked in surprise.

tone than he had used before. "I don't want to see

any one."

"I don't know what to say to it, wife!" said Evan, the same evening, when he had been told of the interview with their guest. "It don't look well when folk are afraid of people coming to see 'em. If I thought he was hiding out of some one's way——"

"That he is, I'll go bail for it," observed David.
"I saw him this morning, tho' he didn't know it. John Davis, the constable from Greyford, was going down the lane on his way to Squire Watkins's. The old gentleman thought he was coming here, and turned as white as an egg. He toddled back into the house, pretty near as fast as I could walk."

"I'll go and talk to him," said the farmer; "one

oughtn't to judge any man unheard."

He returned in about half an hour. "I'm more puzzled than ever," he said. "He wont give any account of himself, or any explanation as to why he's afraid of seeing people. I am afraid he's no good——"

"And I'm sure he isn't," interjected David.

"Still I can't make up my mind to turn him adrift an old man like that, and at such a time of year, and with nothing to put into his mouth or on his back. I daresay I'm a fool, but I've agreed to let him live in the little room over the washhouse until the 28th, when he says he's anxious to go himself."

"Do as you like, but you'll find I was right,"

growled David.

A bed and a few articles of furniture were conveyed accordingly to the place named by the farmer; a small room which could only be entered from the loft adjoining it, by pushing aside some trusses of hay, and which formed as snugaplace of concealment as could well be imagined. Here their singular guest was kindly waited on, and provided with firing and food, notwith-

standing that the scanty meals of the family had to be taxed considerably, in order to supply them. Old David Williams grumbled every day at the diminution of his comforts, and regularly predicted that the unwelcome visitor had no real intention of taking himself off at all; but would, when the 28th arrived, find some new excuse for protracting his stay. It is not unlikely that more than one of the family shared his opinion in this particular, though they judged it wiser to keep the fact to themselves.

So passed four days of the appointed time. The fifth was marked by an occurrence which seemed to confirm Williams's worst suspicions. This was the arrival of two well-dressed strangers, accompanied by McDougal, Mr. Reeves's agent, to enquire after a person who had absconded, and for whose apprehension they held a warrant. He had escaped, they said, eight or ten days previously, and had been traced to a village a few miles distant, but there all clue had been It was thought that, as he was an old man and very feeble, he must be lurking about somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"Is there ever a reward offered to any one as finds him?" asked David Williams, when Mr. McDougal

had finished his statement.

"A reward of fifty pounds will be paid to any one who gives such information as may lead to his capture," answered one of the strangers. "Can you help us to it?"

The old servant looked appealingly to his master. He had not himself the slightest intention of claiming the reward: but he hoped the farmer might now be induced to dismiss his visitor. "No, I can't," he "But they'll see I was right, answered, shortly. nevertheless," he muttered in an undertone.

"What has the man done, Mr. McDougal?" asked

Evan; "fifty pounds is a high price to pay for a joblike this."

"It is of no consequence what he has done," answered the man who had before spoken. "It's enough that we've a warrant to take him, and are ready to pay for his capture."

"Well, I don't quite see that," observed Mrs. Rice. "For my part, if a man had committed any crime, and I knew where he was, I might tell them as was

after him. But not if he'd done no wrong."

"You do know where he is then?" said the stranger, fixing his eyes keenly on her. "Mr. Lawson here, and Mr. McDougal too, will tell you that people can't be taken up in this country if they have done no wrong."

"I'm not so clear of that," observed the farmer.
"My wife here didn't say as she knew where the person you're looking for is. She only said she wouldn't be inclined to give any one up, if she were able, until she knew what he'd done; and I say the same."

"Not if you were offered a hundred pounds, instead of fifty?" suggested Mr. Lawson, speaking for the first time. "Mr. Wylie says no more than the truth about this person. We may have our reasons for not saying why we want him: but you may be sure we have good and sufficient ones. I suppose you wouldn't refuse a hundred pounds, would you?"

"Yes, I should," said Rice, sturdily. "I wouldn't betray a man for money—not for any sum you could give me, nor would any one belonging to me do it.

either."

"You will do as you please, of course, Evan Rice," said Mr. McDougal. "But I advise Mr. Wylie to make a careful search of your premises here, before he goes away. We all think you know where this person

is concealed, and I warn you that it will do you no good if you persist in helping him to break the law."

"If you have got a search-warrant, of course you

must do as you say," returned the farmer, briefly.

The search was immediately set on foot, and every nook and corner of the great rambling farm buildings were minutely examined. But the old man, who had gained intelligence of the arrival of the strangers, had shut close the rough door of the room, which exactly resembled the walls of the hayloft. He had also contrived to put his arm through a hole in the partition, and drag the trusses of hay close up to it. The loft itself was extremely dark, and almost full of hav. After half-an-hour's search the officers were obliged to turn their attention elsewhere; but the reader needs not to be told, with no better success. It was evening, however, before they gave in, and before departing they made one more attempt to overcome Rice's obstinacy.

"This is the twenty-fifth of March, Rice," McDougal; "I told your wife several days ago, that I should give you notice to-day to give up the Eightacre field to James Howell. If you'll tell us where to find this man—for though we can't light on him, I am sure you know all about him-if you'll tell us, I say, I'll withdraw that notice. If you persist in hiding him, I give you warning to quit the farm altogether—as by the terms of your lease may be done—on the 20th of

September next."

"Quit the farm, Mr. McDougal! What leave the farm where I and my fathers before me have lived this hundred years and more? You can't mean that, surely. And Mr. Reeves—he'd never go to allow it, if you

·did, I'm sure of that."

"You may be sure of what you like; but as the agent for this property, I give you the necessary notice in the presence of these witnesses. Come, Rice, you'd better not be a fool. What's the fellow to you, that you're to ruin yourself for him? Keep the farm on the one side—you may have a fourteen years' lease—and a hundred pounds in pocket too: on the other——"

"Get ye gone, before I pitch ye out of the door," shouted the farmer. "You've done all you've a right to do, and I want my house to myself. Do ye hear?" he added, approaching the other two men, who still lingered in the hope of obtaining the desired information. "This house is mine, and I desire you to leave it."

"It is your house—for six months," said the agent, with a sneer. "At the end of that time, Rice, I shall pay you another visit." So saying, he retreated with his two companions, and returned to Greyford.

It was but a sad evening in Farmer Rice's kitchen. None of them, not even David Williams, regretted that they had refused to betray their guest for the reward offered; but they could not but feel that they were ruined, and for the sake of a person who was, in all likelihood, not worth the sacrifice. "I was right about 'un, ye see, measter," said David; "thou hast done well not to peach on 'un. But I'd give 'un notice to go—that I would. Don't tell me he's a going o' Tuesday. I don't believe it. He's a chap, I expects, as is over head and ears in debt, and they wants to quod 'un—that's it, depend on't."

"I think it is very likely you are right," said Evan. "But I've passed my word that he shall stay till Tuesday, and stay he shall, and I'll take care none of their spies, if they leave any about the place, shall set eyes on him, that's more. I'll take him his victuals myself by night, and no one else, remember, is to go near the

loft. All of you mind that."

Whether Mr. Wylie did leave any spies behind him, as the farmer had surmised, was never clearly known;

but if he did, at all events they failed to penetrate the secret of the old man's hiding-place. The three days passed without any incident worth notice, except that, on the last of them, Evan was requested to post with the same secrecy as had marked all his doings, a letter. addressed to some person residing in a town a few miles distant, whose name was unknown to any member of the family. But the request was unaccompanied with any intimation that the writer was about to quit his quarters; and Rice, who could not bring himself to remind his guest that the last day of the period fixed for his departure had now arrived, took leave of him for the night in a very dissatisfied frame of mind: fearing, though he did not choose to avow it, that there was but small prospect of his being relieved from the society of his mysterious visitor.

But the next morning proved that he was mistaken. A slip of paper was found under the door, signed with the initials "G. R.," thanking Mr. Rice for his hospitality, and bidding him and his family farewell. Repairing to his room, they found that he was not only gone, but had further falsified old Williams's predictions by taking none of his host's property along with him. Whither, or how, he had departed, no one could so much as guess. The night had been stormy, and towards morning there had been heavy rain, so that even the marks of the old man's footsteps had been

obliterated.

Weeks went by, and nothing was heard of the departed. The attention of the Rices was indeed too deeply engaged with their own affairs, to allow of their bestowing much attention on those of their late visitor. Evan had endeavoured several times to obtain Mr. Reeves's address for the purpose of writing to him and addressing a remonstrance against the notice so arbitrarily given him, to quit his farm. But he could

obtain no certain information respecting his landlord. By some it was said that Mr. Reeves was insane, and confined in a private Asylum: by others, that he had gone abroad, having made over all his landed property to his son-in-law Mr. Aytoun, and had afterwards been drowned at sea. It was certain at least that Mr. Aytoun, by whom McDougal had been appointed agent, was residing at the family seat a few miles distant, and was the ostensible holder of the estates. To him, therefore, Farmer Rice was obliged to make his application. But no notice whatever was taken of his letters; and on one occasion when he asked permission to see the landlord himself, he was sent shortly and summarily away.

It was with a heavy heart that Evan Rice saw the sun rise on the 29th of September. He had now made up his mind that there was no hope of his being suffered to remain, and he tried hard, like a brave man as he was, to comfort his wife and boys, who were as broken-hearted as himself at the prospect before them. About twelve o'clock, the agent, true to his promise made six months before, arrived, bringing with him the same two men who had accompanied him before.

"Well, Rice," he said, "you are ready, I suppose, to give up possession. I am surprised rather, to find you have not made the usual preparations for going out. To-day, you know quite well, is the last of your stay here."

"I have received no answer to my request to be allowed to continue," returned the farmer. "Until I hear from Mr. Aytoun himself, that I am to quit, I shall not consider the matter as settled, whatever you may say."

"From Mr. Aytoun, hey?" observed the agent, with a sneer. "You may obtain an answer from him

without difficulty—this is Mr. Aytoun," he added, turning to the man who had passed by the name of Lawson on the former occasion.

Evan's countenance fell. "Is that indeed so?" he exclaimed. "Well then, sir, you will, I hope, at least hear me. I and mine have rented this farm for more than a century, and have never failed to pay our rent, or do our duty by the land, all that time. I hope you wont turn us out now. There's no offence charged against us—at least none I ever heard of."

"You've forgotten your refusal to give me the information I required last Lady Day, I suppose," remarked Mr. Aytoun, coldly. "You were told then, that if you would help me to find the man of whom I was in search, you were welcome to keep your farm, but not

otherwise. You chose to refuse—"

"I will give the information for him, Richard," said a voice. All started and turned to the door, and then a cry of surprise broke from the Rices, as an old man, handsomely dressed after the fashion of the day, accompanied by Mr. Oakes, the vicar of the parish, and attended by two livery servants, entered the room. It was their mysterious visitor returned to them, but so altered that they scarcely recognised him.

"Mr. Reeves!" exclaimed Aytoun, apparently still more astonished than the others. "How is this? I have been deceived then, by a false report. Is this

honourable, or fair?"

"Perfectly fair, Mr. Aytoun. You were told I had left the country; so I had, but not for ever. You were told that the 'Medusa' was lost; so she was, but I was saved. The day has now long gone by when it would be possible for me to surrender my grandson's rights. You will be too wise to harass me any more on the subject."

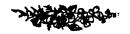
Mr. Aytoun cast a glance of mingled rage and mortification at the speaker, and then silently left the house, accompanied by his followers.

A brief explanation ensued. Mr. Reeves, broken down as he was by the sudden death of his only son, whose wife was expecting her confinement in the course of a few months, had been subject to further distress by the incessant entreaties of his son-in-law. Mr. Aytoun. The latter wanted him to cut off the entail of the family estates, as it was in his power to do, previously to the birth of an heir apparent. When he found that Mr. Reeves, feeble as he was, still steadfastly refused to comply, he took a different tone, and began to threaten and bully. At length the old man received secret notice that an attempt would be made to prove him insane, and shut him up in a private madhouse: from which, in those days, there would have been little prospect of his ever emerging. wrote instantly to a friend, to engage him a passage in some vessel on the point of sailing for America, but received an answer that none could be found which would leave Bristol earlier than the 20th of March. It wanted nearly a fortnight to that date, and at the same time intelligence reached him that Mr. Aytoun's emissaries had already set out from London. Utterly unable to encounter them, the old man fled from his home on a dark and inclement afternoon, leaving no clue to the place of his retreat, and lay concealed, as the reader has heard, in Farmer Rice's loft, until his old servant arrived in a post-chaise, on the night of the 28th, to convey him to Bristol.

"I shall not offer you any money, Rice, in requital of your hospitality," he said, when he had concluded his explanation; "charity like yours is not to be repaid by money. I shall only beg you to accept a lease of your farm at a moderate rent, renewable without fine, as long as you and your children after you wish to retain it. Also that you will hold the agency, to which McDougal has never been appointed, and see that my tenants for the future are fairly and kindly dealt with."

"Well, measter, I were wrong, after all, I must own that," said old David that evening, as the family sat with joyful hearts in the dear old home, which they thought to have quitted that day for ever. "But who would have thought an old tramp like that—as he looked to be, anyhow—would turn out to be a gentleman of property, and your landlord to boot?"

"Yes, David, you were wrong," said the parson, who had stayed after Mr. Reeves's departure, to wish the farmer joy. "If we had been bid to do acts of love and charity only for the sake of the worldly gain they may bring us, you might have been right. Though even there—even in this world, Christian kindness often reaps an earthly reward. Evan Rice is not the first who has 'entertained angels unawares.' But after all, the true reward of such deeds is to be looked for above. Then they who have received the poor and the outcast, and have given unto them, hoping for nothing again, will be paid in coin, compared with which the highest earthly reward will seem poor and worthless."





## THE NEGRO CABIN-BOY.

WISH we had never come on board this ship, Davenport; and if I had the chance of leaving her to-morrow, I would."

"Why so?" returned Davenport; "our cabins are reasonably comfortable, and our food as good as we could expect; and if we are a few days behind our time, look at the weather we have had."

"I was not complaining of the ship, or the arrangements on board, or of the voyage," rejoined the first speaker, whose name was Leslie, "but of the crew, or rather I should say, of the captain and mates."

"Well, they are unpleasant enough, certainly; and Andersen in particular is as surly a fellow as one is likely to meet with, but he does not interfere with us, so we need not mind him."

"Interfere with us? No. But he does interfere with the crew, and so do the others interfere with them in a manner that it turns me sick to see. One expects to see a good deal of that sort of thing on board one of these barques, but hardly what there is going on every day here."

"One must not be over squeamish, Leslie. These

negroes and half-breeds are sulky and obstinate to the last degree. Nothing but the rattan keeps them in any order. That Dutchman, Andersen, may perhaps lay about him more than is absolutely necessary, but I don't think the others do. It is brutal enough no doubt; but how else are brutes to be dealt with. There is that little wretch, Cudjee, as they call him, you may see yourself that he would do no work at all without a few cuts of the whip to keep him to it."

"That is the captain's opinion, at all events; and for the matter of that McCrombie's and Andersen's also," returned the other, drily. "I think I can answer for it that not a day has past for the last fortnight, on which he has not received 'a few cuts of the whip,' except indeed those days on which he has received a good many. I saw him undergo a flogging this morning which would be enough, one would think, to last a week at least."

"Yes, I heard all about that, the young wretch!—He had been punished by the captain for some neglect of orders, only a sharp cut or two, I believe, across the back: and Cudjee revenged himself on him, by letting his watch, which he had been sent to fetch, fall on the deck, and breaking the mainspring!"

"Might it not have been an accident?"

"An accident? not a bit of it! Captain Marks, to do him justice, asked him whether he did not do it on purpose, and Cudjee did not deny it. Indeed it would have been no use his denying it. The vindictive look in his black face would have been quite enough to prove that he had done it intentionally, whatever he might have said."

"Well, of course that was provoking enough. Still I think kinder treatment ought to have been tried in the first instance. No one can say what effect it

might have had."

"I don't agree with you. Every one who knows these negroes as I do, will tell you that indulgence of any kind only makes them ungrateful and lazy. Keep them under, make them understand that if they neglect orders they will pay sharply for it, and they will do their work tolerably well. But that is the only way to deal with them; Experto crede."

"Well, I suppose what you say is true. Every one says so, at all events. But anyhow it is brutal work, and I shall keep out of sight and hearing of it as much as possible." So saying the speaker rose, and putting into his pocket the book he had been reading, retired

to his cabin.

Davenport remained on deck, greatly wondering at his friend's expression of feeling. They were both sons of Jamaica planters, who in the year 1785, to which date this story belongs, were in full enjoyment of almost unbounded riches, undisturbed by the slightest apprehension of the vengeance which they were storing up against the day of reckoning. They may not have corresponded in all respects to the hideous picture which Tames Montgomery has drawn of their gross sensuality and indifference to human suffering; but it is certain that never since the days of Pagan Rome under the Cæsars, has the world witnessed such frightful scenes of cruelty and luxury combined, as their history exhibits. Harvey Davenport, who had been born and educated in the island, had imbibed to the fullest extent the prejudices of his class. The negroes must work, or the estate would not yield its due profit. The negroes would not work, unless obliged; experience had shown that nothing but unrelaxing severity could overcome their natural indolence. Therefore it was mere folly and waste of time to try milder measures. which had uniformly failed when resorted to. these only entailed the necessity of greater severities afterwards. Doubtless with Europeans it would be another thing. But the blacks were a degraded race; or rather their place in creation was different from that of the whites. The philanthropy that declared all mankind to be equal in the sight of God, was the crazy fancy of fanatics!

George Leslie shared these sentiments, but not to the same extent as his friend. He had been sent to England when he was twelve years old, and placed at an English public school, where he remained till he was sixteen. English public schools were not in a very desirable condition at that period—a fact to which Cowper's "Tirocinium" bears melancholy wit-He saw plenty of vice and cruelty too; but he also encountered those who abhorred and resisted it. Some ideas were impressed on his mind, which neither his early training nor his subsequent experience on his return to Tamaica, could wholly eradicate. the spectacle of the perpetual barbarities practised on the blacks and half-breeds on board the Santa Anna had revived these to an extent which, as we have seen, excited his friend's surprise, and in some degree even his own.

Davenport however soon ceased to trouble himself with his companion's eccentricities. He stretched himself on some soft cushions which he had ordered to be placed under an awning, and was soon languidly interested in watching another scene similar to the one described by Leslie. In this instance the sufferers are Cudjee's father and elder brother, two powerful negroes, who, but for their black skins, would have been accounted models of symmetry and strength. The elder of the two men, who had been brought up on the estate of a Virginia gentleman, had been well educated, and spoke as good English, or better, than his masters. These recommendations, however, were the reverse of

merits in the first mate's eyes. Fancying that they were sulking on account of the flogging Cudjee had received, he resolved to punish them for it as they deserved. Accordingly he set the two imaginary offenders to polish the brass carronades; though the heat of the metal under the fierce glare of the tropic sun, was so great as to blister even the thick skins of the negroes. Seating himself under shelter at a short distance, he watched the progress of the work, and whenever he fancied that they were slackening their exertions he stepped up, and dealt them two or three sharp blows, which had the effect, as he remarked with a chuckle, of waking them up again.

After this had proceeded for some time, the younger of the men appeared to be roused by his protracted suffering from the sullen apathy which had hitherto marked his demeanour. He started up and requited the lash bestowed on him by the mate, with a blow which laid him flat on the deck. Andersen rose to his feet boiling with fury. Captain Marks, the first mate, and the other two or three Europeans who chanced to be on deck, rushed to his help. The two negroes, for the elder interposed instantly in his son's defence—were soon mastered, and tied to the carronades on which they had been engaged; and the captain proceeded to take the necessary measures for reducing the insolent mutineers to their senses.

We shall not trouble the reader with the scene of sickening barbarity which ensued. Suffice it to say, that half an hour afterwards the unhappy negroes were cast loose from the guns, and carried down to the lower deck in a fainting state, to recover or die of their wounds, as nature might determine. The blood was then swabbed up, all traces of the affray removed, and the ship resumed her discipline as if nothing had

happened.

Davenport had taken no part in the struggle which he had witnessed-not from cowardice, to do him justice, but from his haughty disdain of the African race, which made him regard it as a kind of degradation to touch or handle them. But he so far shared the captain's indignation at their insolence, as to encourage the resolution he expressed of forthwith flogging it out of them, and every now and then had thrown in a word of approval, when some unusually heavy blow fell on the negroes' backs. When the affair was ended, he leaned back wearily on his sofa, as though the exertion of looking on had been almost too much for Then, thinking that the time for smoking his him. afternoon pipe had almost arrived, he hailed Cudiee. who had been standing near him for the last half hour. watching with a face which expressed nothing but gged indifference, the sufferings of his father and prother,—and desired him to go to his cabin and fetch his meerschaum.

The boy did not answer at first. His eye was fixed upon the gun to which his father had been bound a few minutes before, and he was either really lost in thought, or pretended to be so. Davenport took up one of his shoes, which he had kicked off, and threw it with so skilful an aim as to strike the boy full on the face, the sharp heel inflicting a severe cut on the lip. Cudjee started, and looked angrily round him. But as soon as his eye lighted on Davenport, he understood what had happened; and again composing his face to its ordinary expression, he approached the young planter and inquired his orders.

"Go down into my cabin and bring up the meerschaum, you sulky whelp," returned Davenport, who had noticed the boy's look: "and mind you take care not to hurt it as you did the skipper's watch this morning. It is of more value than your black body is, or your soul either, if you really have one."

Without a word Cudjee turned away and descended the ladder, returning in a few minutes with the meerschaum in his hand. Davenport took it ungraciously; but as he did so, his eye lighted on the amber mouthpiece, which was cracked from top to bottom, apparently by a fall, and was rendered quite useless.

"You spiteful little wretch!" he exclaimed, angrily, "you did that on purpose. You have broken it, as you broke Captain Marks's repeater this morning. You knew it was a thing I particularly valued, and you have done it to annoy me." As he spoke he wrenched away one of the poles that had supported his awning, and struck the boy a heavy blow across the face.

Cudjee had returned no answer to the charge made against him. He did not say—what was the truth—that he had found the meerschaum lying on the floor of the cabin with the mouthpiece broken, it having been accidentally knocked down by Leslie a few minutes previously, while the latter was engaged in searching for a book. His face underwent no change as he listened to Davenport's angry words. But the moment he felt the sharp sting of the blow upon his cheek, he darted forward, caught up the meerschaum before Davenport could stop him, and flung it into the sea.

The young planter sprang up, his fury overpowering all other considerations. A meerschaum in those days was a great rarity. Davenport had purchased the one which had just been destroyed in Constantinople two or three years previously, when he had made the tour of Europe. It would be a very difficult matter to replace it; and his anger was great in proportion. Grasping the boy by the collar, he again seized the pole, and would have inflicted a severe beating on him, had not Cudjee drawn

forth a sharp knife, which he had kept concealed in his sash, and brandished it before Davenport's eyes with an expression which made the young man's blood run cold.

But the scuffle had now attracted the attention of McCrombie the first mate, and two American sailors who were sitting under the bulwarks talking to him. They hurried up to Davenport's assistance. The knife was soon wrenched from the boy's grasp, and the captain sent for, to determine what penalty was to be inflicted on the offender.

"I really do not know what to do with him," said Captain Marks, after several proposals had been made and rejected. "He has been flogged once to-day already, and it has had no effect on him; nor do I think he would care for any number of lashes I might give him. Keeping him on short allowance, or putting him in irons, he minds even less. I am half disposed to tie a ten-pound shot to his heels, and pitch him overboard for good and all."

"Who is to do the cabin work, Captain?" asked McCrombie, the first mate. "We are short-handed as it is, and cannot spare any of the men from their duty. Nor do any of them understand it properly, for the matter of that. No, it will be best to keep the boy, but punish him this time in a manner which will cure his sulkiness for ever. The only question is, how is that to be done?"

"Why not keelhaul him?" suggested Andersen. "I have only seen that tried half-a-dozen times or thereabouts, but I never knew an instance where it did not either kill or cure."

"And it killed as often as it cured," said the captain, with a short laugh. "But I can think of nothing better. We'll try it if you like, Andersen. Only you must give the orders, for though I have heard the thing described, I never saw it put in practice."

Some of my readers may not be acquainted with the inhuman mode of punishment here referred to, which was common in the Dutch navy a generation or two ago. A rope is fastened round the offender's body, and the two ends passed through pulleys secured to the opposite extremities of the main yard. A heavy weight having been attached to his legs, he is flung into the sea and drawn up on the opposite side of the vessel, passing of course close under the ship's This is generally encrusted with barnacles, which lacerate the flesh of the unhappy victim as if some wild beast had mangled it, occasioning the most acute agonies; and where this is several times repeated death frequently ensues. We must again take leave to spare our readers the details of the wretched boy's sufferings and his stoical endurance under their infliction. Nature however gave way at last, and he fell into a swoon so deep, that it became manifestly useless to prolong his tortures.

"Well, he has had enough of it for this time," said Andersen, complacently regarding the torn and bleeding frame of his victim. "When he comes to, we shall find him orderly enough, I expect. A second dose of this sort of thing is more than I ever knew any one desire, let them be as obstinate as they

might."

Meanwhile Leslie, who as the reader knows, had retired to his cabin before the disturbance commenced, and was in ignorance of what was passing on deck, employed himself in making entries in a journal which he kept. He heard screams and cries accompanied by shouts of brutal laughter; but these were unfortunately matters of too frequent occurrence on board the Santa Anna to provoke observation. It was not till some hours afterwards, when he went, according to custom, to take supper with Davenport, that he left his cabin.

It was by this time late in the evening, and the passage was so dark that he was obliged to grope his way to the bottom of the companion ladder. As he was moving cautiously along, his foot suddenly lighted on something soft, which stirred and uttered a groan. A good deal startled, he inquired on whom he had trodden, and receiving no answer, returned to the cabin for a light. The spectacle which it revealed was one little calculated to restore his composure. The negro boy, who had been left lying in the same place where he had fallen, had partially recovered his senses; and probably mistaking the companion ladder for the one which led to his own berth, had crawled to it, and endeavoured to descend the stairs. effort had been too much for his strength, and he had rolled from the top to the bottom, the blow he received causing him again to swoon. He was now lying huddled up in a heap—a ghastly and revolting object. The arms and back were covered with gaping wounds, which seemed to have been inflicted by the teeth of some monstrous wild animal. From some of these the blood was still sluggishly distilling, while in other places large patches of clotted gore entirely hid the dark colour of the skin. Here and there the frame seemed literally to have been torn open, and the muscles and sinews were disclosed. But notwithstanding this hideous laceration, which it seemed impossible that anything living could survive, the boy was still partially sensible. His eye, dim and bloodshot, rolled languidly round, as if imploring help; and he made every now and then a feeble effort to release himself from the painful position in which he was lying.

Leslie started back in mingled horror and disgust. His first impulse was to pass on, and relieve himself of a spectacle which it made his blood run cold to contemplate. Where was the good of his interfering with

this miserable outcast? Davenport had said truly enough, that there was only one way of dealing with the negroes. Give them an inch, and they would take an ell. This boy had been punished again and again, mildly at first, more severely afterwards, but without effect. He had needed the tremendous lesson he had now received: and probably would not need another. So that, after all, it was the most merciful thing to do, revolting as the sight of it was. He had better leave the boy alone. If he did anything t relieve his pain, he would only presume on it, and so

get into a worse scrape than ever.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he made a step forward, as if to move on. But a low murmur at this moment reached his ear. "Water, water:" and as he instinctively glanced down at the speaker, a look of such agonizing entreaty met him, as drove from his mind the elaborate reasoning which had seemed so convincing but an instant before. stepped back into his cabin, filled a large goblet with iced water, and put it to the negro boy's lips. Cudjee had now again relapsed into insensibility, and Leslie's efforts to induce him to swallow the water were vain. The young man's feeling of compassion had by this time gained the mastery. Raising Cudjee from the ground by a great exertion, he carried him into his cabin and laid him on a sofa. Here he threw water on his face, and rubbed his temples with hartshorn, continuing his exertions until the lad sighed heavily, and opened his eyes with an expression of vacant wonder. Leslie now once more offered him the cool water, which he drank with avidity, draining the cup to the last drop, and then intimating by his gestures that he wanted more. Meanwhile the gentler element in the young planter's nature began to plead more and more strongly in his newly found protege's

Unwise, or unworthy of him though it might be, he could not resist the impulse he now felt to render him further succour. There was on board a sailor named Gomez, who had, before his outlawry, served in the Spanish army as a surgeon, and was tolerably skilful in his profession. So far as motives of humanity were concerned, Leslie might have appealed to this man on behalf of Cudjee, without receiving any other reply than a disdainful laugh. But if sufficiently well paid, the young man knew that he would be ready to attend any patient in whose behalf his help might be invoked. He resolved to seek this man, and bribe him to dress Cudjee's wounds; both parties agreeing to observe strict secrecy on the subject. Carefully locking his cabin door therefore, he went in search of the Spanish sailor. Some considerable interval elapsed before he could find him, and then it took a still longer time before the terms could be arranged on which his services were to be employed. At length all was settled; and Gomez, putting into his pocket his case of surgical instruments and some lint for bandages, accompanied Leslie to his cabin.

But a surprise awaited them when they entered; Cudjee had disappeared. The door must have been opened from the inside, for it was secured by a spring lock, and the key was in Leslie's pocket. It seemed strange that the boy should have wished to leave the only place in the ship where he had been kindly treated, and perhaps stranger still that he should have strength sufficient to enable him to accomplish his purpose. Their wonder was increased on the following day, when search having been made by the captain's order, the cabin-boy was nowhere to be found. It was thought that maddened by the pain of his wounds, and wearied with the drudgery of his life,

he had thrown himself overboard and been drowned. But the boy's only relatives were lying in their hammocks disabled and helpless; and no one else being inclined to trouble himself about a subject so worthless, in the course of a few days the very existence of Cudjee seemed to have been forgotten.

Three weeks had passed. The voyage, which had been repeatedly delayed by unfavourable winds, was drawing to its close; and it was expected that in twelve hours they would sight land, when to the great chagrin of all on board, the light wind which was fair for land died away, and a dead calm succeeded. Leslie, who had shared the vexation of his fellow voyagers, was seated late in the evening in his cabin, consoling himself as well as he was able with his journal, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a tapping at his window. He looked up much surprised. The cabin he occupied was in the stern of the vessel. and it was difficult to understand how any one could have reached it from the outside. His surprise was not diminished by the sight of a black face pressed against the glass, and a hand which held up its forefinger as a warning gesture. He knew the face at a glance. It was Cudjee's, and for a moment a thrill of terror ran through his frame, for he fancied that he beheld the spirit of the drowned boy, returned to its earthly tenement. The next minute he dismissed his fear, and rising silently in obedience to the summons, threw the window open and admitted his The lad was followed by a tall black of powerful frame, in whom he instantly recognised Cudjee's father.

"Mr. Leslie," said the latter, speaking in a low, distinct voice, as he stepped straight to the cabin door, and drew the bolts across it, "if you wish to save yourself from instant death, you must step into the

boat which is moored astern, and row a ship as quietly as you can. The nea almost due north, and is about fifty I You may be picked up by a vessel befor but if so you must swear to me on the knife, that you make no mention of the

or the cause of your being alone in a boat in the middle of the Atlantic."

"Leave the ship—instant death!" exclaimed the young man in his bewilderment. "What has happened? Have we been attacked by pirates?"

"No, young man," said the negro, sternly; "the pirates have been on board throughout the voyage. They are now going to receive the punishment of their misdeeds. You look surprised, but this is no time for explanations. Enough that Marks, McCrombie, Andersen, and all the rest have been our prisoners for the last half-hour. Their sentence is even now being passed; and it will soon be executed."

"Executed!" exclaimed Leslie; "you would not kill them! And why"—— He paused and turned deadly pale, for the fierce flash in the negro's eye was

more terrible than any answer.

"You would ask why I would spare you," said the black. "I will tell you. Because you and you alone pitied and succoured my poor boy, when these fiends had all but tortured him to death. Be thankful you showed him that little service. That and that only has saved your life. But we must not delay here, or it will be useless to attempt to save you. In that boat you will find a compass, a keg of water and some biscuit. Step into it at once, push off as quietly as you can, and do not begin to row till you have drifted some distance from the ship. Were you to fall into the hands of my comrades, I could not save your life."

Leslie obeyed his directions in awestruck silence.

By the help of the two negroes he lowered himself into the boat, and casting loose the painter, drifted slowly away from the vessel. Happily the night was dark, and he was soon beyond the sight of those on board. He then seized the oars and began rowing in the direction indicated by his preservers. And now from the deck of the Santa Anna the lights of which he could still clearly distinguish, came the fearful sounds his fancy had been long anticipating. Shriek after shriek was succeeded by heavy and sullen plunges; a wild shout of exultation followed, and then a silence more terrible than all.

The boat was picked up on the ensuing day by a British merchantman on her outward passage to Jamaica. Leslie was received on board in such a state of exhaustion as rendered all inquiries impossible.

He was landed at Port Royal in a burning fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. At length he recovered, and returned to his father's house. But he uniformly refused to give any explanation of the singular circumstances under which he had been picked up by the West India captain. Nor was the truth ever known until after his death, when the particulars of his escape were found recorded in his journal. As for the Santa Anna, she was never heard of again. The general belief was that she had sprung a leak, and gone to the bottom with all hands on board. was indeed rumoured at one time that a barque, closely resembling her, had been found scuttled off the coast of Senegambia; but if so, care had been taken to destroy as far as possible all traces of her identity; and she was too much broken by the waves, when found, to allow the question to be satisfactorily determined.

George Leslie succeeded in time to his father's estates, and became one of the leading personages in

Jamaica; but he never was a popular man with his brother planters. In the management of his slaves he pursued a different policy from that which traditionally prevailed among the planters. This might perhaps have been overlooked, but he persisted in bringing forward in the House of Assembly wild schemes, as they were thought, for the amelioration of the blacks, which caused at last his expulsion from the House. He continued his exertions, however, in the same direction, on his own estate, not without marked and permanent results. In his private life he was an eminently religious man, and was in the habit of regularly reading the Bible to his children. They were wont, in later life, to say that there was one text which he never read without manifesting a profound, and to them inexplicable emotion. "Whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."





## HORACE LYNDSAY.

ND this is really the answer I am to take back to Wroxley?"

"Certainly, James; why should you doubt

"Because I think you can hardly be serious in sending it, Horace. I tell you again you are making a great mistake. I know you are the favourite nephew, as well as the elder; and I don't complain of the one fact, any more than I do of the other. I know too that uncle has repeatedly forgiven you, and that Clara wont hear a word against you——"

"Thank you for making the trial, James."

"Don't be unjust, Horace; you know well I don't

deserve that reproach."

"Well, I don't believe you do. I ask your pardon, but really I am not going to be kept in leading strings in this way. What is it I propose to do? not to commit murder, or rob a bank, or fight a duel—more fuss couldn't be made if I did—but simply to go abroad for three months with Repton and Frank Charteris in their yacht. Then I am willing to come back to Oxford, take my degree, and let our marriage come off

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in November. Is it reasonable I ask you, to insist on my giving all this up, merely in deference to my uncle's crotchets?"

"Hardly crotchets. You know the character Lord Repton bears, and the kind of company he is likely to take with him in his yacht. It will be an insult to Clara, in my opinion, if you go. And Mr. Charteris is known to play high, and my uncle, as you know——"

"Don't go on," broke in Horace, irritably; "he has heard that I lost some money. Very well, I didn't ask him to pay it. It will be time enough for him to

make a bother when I do."

"Well, Horace, I think you are wrong. Uncle has forgiven a good deal: the pluck for moderations, the Dean's letter about the supper party and threat of rustication, Meyler's complaint——"

"Cut it short. I have heard all that before——"
"Very likely. Well, you think that because he has

pardoned all this, he will pardon anything."

"Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't; what then?"

"Why then you are wrong, if you think the first. He is really angry now: and Clara too, is more roused than I ever saw her. Those who know them best say that they are not easily provoked to anger, but seldom

forgive when they are provoked."

"Like another person of myacquaintance, hey? Well, James, here is my *ultimatum*. Go with Repton, I will; I don't choose to be scolded and ordered about like a child. But I will come back at the end of one month instead of three, if that will be accepted as a satisfactory compromise. If not, I will make no terms at all."

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I must tell you again that I think you have no business to go at all; and that it is a gross affront to Clara. If she were my sister instead of my cousin, you should hear my mind in pretty plain terms. As it is, I wish you

good morning." He shut the door behind him as he said the last words.

"Stop, James; don't go!" exclaimed the elder brother, but James was already halfway across Peckwater, and in another minute had passed through

Canterbury gate on his way to the station.

Horace rushed into his bedroom, and began exchanging his slippers and dressing-gown for boots and coat, with the intention of catching his brother before he left Oxford. His conscience told him that James had spoken no more than the truth. He ought not to go on this excursion, and he would not. He would get his brother to stay till the next morning and then accompany him home. His uncle had been uniformly kind, and Clara was a dear sweet girl, whom he would be a brute to distress. Of course he had never really intended to do so; but he had been thoughtless, he could see that. But he would go to Wroxley at once, and make up for his offences by his attention. While these thoughts passed through his head, he had completed his toilet, caught up his hat, and was just issuing forth from his rooms, when he came full against Lord Repton, who, accompanied by two other Christ Church men, had just mounted to the top of his staircase. He suddenly remembered that he had invited them to luncheon for the express purpose of arranging the details of their excursion. It was impossible to send them away. However vexed he might be, there was no help for it: but he could write by that afternoon's post, and his letter would get to Wroxley almost as soon as Tames himself. Meanwhile there was no need to say anything to his companions about his change of purpose at present. It would be plenty of time when all was settled. Those who knew Horace Lyndsay well would have had no difficulty in anticipating the result. No letter was sent to Wroxley, and three days afterwards our hero, accompanied by his friends, sailed from Southampton for the Ionian Islands.

Meanwhile James Lyndsay made his way to Wroxley to report the ill success of his mission. He and Horace were the nephews of Mr. Oakley of the firm of Oakley and Vere of Great Winchester street, in the city of London. They had lost both father and mother when quite young, and had been adopted and brought up by their uncle. The latter had never married. Early in life he had been engaged to Miss Clara Vere, the sister of his partner; but the lady had died not long after her betrothal. When some twenty years afterwards, Mr. Vere also deceased, leaving his partner sole guardian of his daughter, who greatly resembled her aunt in person and disposition, he willingly accepted the charge. Thenceforth his great object was to promote a marriage between Clara and one of his nephews; and heflattered himself that—thrown together so constantly as the young people were, such a result could hardly fail to come about.

He was not disappointed; Clara's beauty and sweetness of disposition attracted the admiration of both the brothers: while she herself gave a preference to Horace, the elder of the two, who was more brilliant and attractive than his brother. Mr. Oakley in his heart regretted her choice; the solid and stable character of his younger nephew was more to his mind, but he made no objection to the match. It was arranged that Horace should inherit the landed property, which with the addition of Clara's fortune would make him a wealthy man, while James was to succeed as head partner in the London firm.

Both the brothers were educated at Eton, and went from thence to a private tutor for a twelvemonth; after which Horace was removed to Christ Church, while

Tames took his place in the counting-house in Great Winchester Street. Thus far all had gone well. Horace had run into debt, and been involved in one or two trifling scrapes at Eton; all of which were indulgently pardoned by Mr. Oakley; but after his migration to Oxford, rumours at first, and positive complaints afterwards, reached the uncle's ears which he did not pass over so easily. More than once some severe measures would have been taken, if Horace had not disarmed anger by a frank confession of his error, and a promise of amendment. But towards the close of his third year's residence at Christ Church, one of Mr. Vere's oldest friends felt it his duty to apprise Mr. Oakley of what he had learned respecting Mr. Lyndsay. He had lost large sums to Mr. Charteris and Sir Herbert Welles at cards; he had been threatened with posting as a defaulter at Ascot; above all, it was said that he meant to accompany Lord Repton, a notorious roué, on a vachting excursion to the Levant. Considering the character of several of the young noblemen's guests, it would be an outrage on Miss Vere, if he should carry out this intention. On the receipt of the letter, James had gone down to Oxford, with his uncle's sanction, in the hope of obtaining a denial of the truth of the charges; or failing that, a promise of foregoing his purpose. The reader has heard the result of his interference.

Mr. Oakley's anger was roused at last at his nephew's conduct, and James had truly said that it was not easy to appease when once excited. He urged upon Clara the propriety of immediately renouncing her engagement with Horace, unless he should on his part forego his expedition with Lord-Repton, and express contrition for his disregard of her feelings. Clara, who was deeply hurt at the levity and weakness shown by her lover, which she could not help

contrasting with James's unselfish devotion to her interests, nevertheless pleaded in Horace's behalf that another trial should be allowed him. She offered to write herself, and urge him, if he had any real affection for her, to give up his present resolution, which occasioned her the most poignant distress, and come straight to Wroxley, where all would be forgiven; adding also, that if he should refuse this, she could no longer believe in his affection. Mr. Oakley agreed to allow this, and enclosed her letter in one of his own; in which he also implored him, if he had any sense of filial duty towards one who had always done his best to discharge the duties of a parent towards him; any regard for their family name and credit, to break off from his present companions, and come to fulfil his engagement with Clara at once.

The letter was given into the hands of one of Mr. Oakley's servants, who was charged to deliver it to Mr. Lyndsay with his own hand. The man arrived at Southampton on the evening before the departure of the vacht, just as Horace, accompanied by several others of the party, were on the point of going on board.

The man stepped up, touched his hat, and begged

permission to speak with him.

"Ah, William, you here!" exclaimed Horace, sur-"Is Mr. Oakley in the town?"

" No, sir. He sent me to deliver you this letter and

wait for an answer."

"What is this, Lyndsay?" exclaimed a fashionably dressed man hurrying back from the boat, which was just ready to push off. "A letter, hey? well, you can't read it now. The ladies are in the boat and we can't keep them waiting. Come along, you can open it as soon as you get on board." He put his arm through Horace's as he spoke, and hurried him off."

"Wait at the Inn, William. I'll send an answer this

evening before we sail," were Lyndsay's last words as he stepped into the boat.

But on arriving on board, they found that supper had been waiting more than half an hour, and Lord Repton and his guests had already taken their places. He was obliged to defer the perusal of his letter until after supper, but resolved to write his answer immediately after the withdrawal of the ladies from the The party was gay and animated, and Horace soon forgot everything in the interest of the moment. It was protracted by the host and two or three of the guests to a late hour, and Horace was carried to his cot in a drunken sleep, which did not pass off till the middle of the next day; when he woke up to find that the yacht was already half way down the channel, running along under a brisk north-wester. had never been at sea before, and the sea was rough enough to make even old sailors qualmish. He was soon obliged to return to his cabin, where he lay helpless for several days and nights. On the fourth morning he ventured on deck again; and then suddenly remembering his uncle's missive, took it from his pocket and read both it and Clara's letter. His penitence and self-reproach were greatly awakened by the perusal. He started up, forgetting for the moment his present situation, resolving to return instantly and entreat Clara's, as well as his uncle's, forgiveness. How kindly, how generously they had written. He had expected reproaches, threats, anything but this! word was a dagger to him! and then he remembered, half frantic at his own folly, that he had promised to send an answer, and had left England without doing What could they think of him? How could he ever expect Clara to forgive him now? After half an hour of these bitter reflections, he went to Lord Repton's cabin, and briefly informing him that his presence was required immediately in England, requested to be set ashore at Gibraltar, whence he could obtain a passage back to England. The proposal was not well received.

"What new freak is this, Horace?" asked his lordship, who was lying at full length on his sofa smoking his nargilly. "Go home from Gibraltar? why you don't mean to be frightened by two or three days' seasickness, do you?"

"It has nothing to do with that," said Lyndsay.

"It is a letter I have received."

"What! since you sailed? That wont do, Lyndsay;

who is the letter from, I wonder!"

"I don't know that it concerns you," answered the other, shortly. "I wish to go on shore at Gibraltar.

I conclude that can be managed."

"As it happens, it can. The yacht will put in there to land that little vixen Fanny Dale, whom I can't have on board any longer. Otherwise, I should not feel bound to attend to your caprices. We shall be there the day after to-morrow I believe, and then you can leave the vessel as soon as you like." So saying Lord Repton lounged out of the cabin, and went on deck in a very bad humour.

Lyndsay on his part was a good deal vexed. He could not well explain the reason of his sudden change of purpose in a manner which would be satisfactory to his companion: and he thought it best to be altogether silent. Lord Repton and he parted two days afterwards in mutual displeasure. After waiting for a considerable time at Gibraltar, during which he maintained a strict incognito, not wishing to meet with friends who might seek to detain him, Horace obtained a passage to London in a trading vessel returning from Cadiz to Plymouth. His impatience to reach England had induced him to submit to very

inferior accommodation; and he was greatly annoyed at finding that the girl whom Lord Repton had removed from his yacht, was taking her passage home in the same vessel as himself. But the slow sailing of the heavily laden bark was a much worse evil than the narrow cabin, or the presence of Fanny Dale. paced the deck day after day, making incessant inquiries as to the progress that had been made, until the ship's company were weary of his questions. Alas, the longest time to which he had fancied the voyage might be protracted, fell very far short of the reality! On the fourth day after leaving Gibraltar, the crew found that the vessel had sprung a leak; which continued to increase notwithstanding unremitting exertions at the pumps. All hands were obliged to take to the boats, although the wind was so high that there appeared to be little chance of their reaching shore. That in which Lyndsay was embarked was overset, and all in her lost except himself. He clung to the wreck, and had the good fortune to be picked up on the following day by an Emigrant ship, bound for New Zealand; but he scarcely rejoiced at his escape from death when he found that the vessel would be four months on her outward voyage, and would touch at no port on her way. Another source of annoyance now presented itself. He had paid nearly all the ready money he had with him to the captain of the Spanish trader; and the remainder, together with his watch and ring, had been left on board the vessel in the hurry of departure. The captain of the emigrant ship looked with suspicion at the ragged dress and squalid appearance of the castaway, and declined to provide him with money on his own acceptance. Horace was obliged to serve on board the Lyttelton as steward's mate, the only work for which he was fit: but which was as distasteful to his temper and habits

as could well be imagined. The drudgery, however, had the effect of diverting in some degree his attention from reminiscences and anxieties which might otherwise have proved unbearable. It had a still more wholesome effect in impressing on him the sinfulness of the life he had hitherto been leading, and his ungrateful use of the many blessings he had enjoyed. Oh, if he could but obtain the forgiveness of his uncle and brother—if he could but regain the affection of Clara,—but recover the position in life of which he had once thought so little—what unutterable happiness it would be! Well, there would be some hope at all events when port was reached. He would probably meet with some of his old friends or acquaintances who would be able to certify who he was: or in any case he might work his passage home in the same capacity in which he was now serving. The hard work and the degradation and the discomfort which had galled him so greatly, seemed of little consequence if they should at last lead to home and Clara. He saw the headlands of New Zealand rise in the blue distance with all the rapture of hope renewed.

Misfortune upon misfortune. An epidemic fever was raging in the colony, and Horace was seized with it the very day of his landing. Outcast and penniless, he was consigned to one of the hospitals, and for weeks lay insensible, hovering between life and death. The goodness of his constitution at length turned the scale in his favour, and he began slowly to recover. It was the height of summer when he had landed from the Lyttelton; it was spring again before he was able to rise from his bed. His illness, however, had had one unexpected consequence. Mr. Thorp, the surgeon who attended him, had been struck by his personal appearance and language, which seemed to indicate a person of better education and higher

position in the world than that of a common sailor. Some remarks which Horace let fall from time to time. together with the contents of a card case and some letters found in his pockets, confirmed this idea. wrote to the banker, from whom one of these letters had been received, inquiring whether he could give him any information respecting a Mr. Horace Lyndsay, late an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford; who. he had reason to believe, was now lying in a destitute condition under his charge in New Zealand. course of post, an answer was received, in which the banker stated that he was well acquainted with the gentleman named in Mr. Thorp's letter, whose disappearance more than a twelvemonth previously, had caused much comment. He had gone on a yachting excursion, contrary to the wishes of his friends, in no very creditable company. It appeared that he had soon afterwards left the vacht, after which, all trace of him had been lost. According to Lord Repton's statement, a young woman of equivocal character had quitted the vessel at the same time, and Mr. Lyndsay's disappearance was thought to have some connexion with this circumstance. It was surmised that he might be living incognito somewhere on the continent. But in any case it was understood that his relatives had renounced all connexion with him. Several letters had been sent to the bank, with directions for them to be forwarded to Mr. Lyndsay, as soon as his address was known. These they now enclosed. As regarded money matters, there was a balance to the amount of several hundreds in their hands to his, Mr. Lyndsay's credit, on which he might draw.

Mr. Thorp hesitated some time before he ventured to place these documents in his patient's hands. His recovery had not yet progressed far enough to insure him against a relapse in event of his receiving any sudden shock. It was not until two months more had passed, that he ventured to show him the banker's reply, after which he handed over to him the packet of letters. The result showed the wisdom of his precautions. Lyndsay grew pale as death when he saw the handwriting on one of the envelopes. Singling it out from the rest, he rushed hastily from the room, and shut himself in his own chamber, double locking the door behind him. Then with a beating heart, he tore open the letter which bore his uncle's well-known characters, and read as follows:—

"Wroxley Abbey, August 16, 18—.

"I do not know whether you expect any further communication from myself or Miss Vere. After the circumstances of your departure from Lord Repton's yacht, the renewal of intercourse would, I apprehend, afford you as little satisfaction as ourselves. I will therefore say only what is necessary, and in as few words as possible. You will understand that no reply is required, nor indeed will any be received. ward desires me to inform you that she holds herself released from her engagement to you, and returns to the address of your banker, the various presents she has received from you. I have to add on my own part, that I have revoked the will, under which you would have inherited Wroxley Abbey. James will now be my sole heir. I do not tell you this with any idea of causing you pain, but because I feel it right that you should know at once your future position.

> I am, &c., John Oakley."

About five months after the receipt of this letter, a gentleman arrived one evening at one of the small stations on the Great Northern Railway, and engaged two rooms at the hotel. He was young and strongly-

built; but the traces of recent severe illness were visible in his features and person. A beard and moustache concealed the lower half of his face, and he pulled his felt hat over his eyes, as though anxious not to be recognised. No one did recognise him, and the stranger, after pacing up and down the room uneasily for a quarter of an hour, rang the bell, and requested

the presence of the landlord.

"What is the use," he muttered to himself, "of protracting my misery thus? I may be tormenting myself for nothing. Perhaps there is a letter at this very moment awaiting me here! Perhaps James is in the house, bringing the tidings that my explanations and entreaties for pardon are accepted. Perhaps Clara herself—"He paused in his soliloquy, for the thought was too much for his brain to endure. A step was heard in the passage. Horace threw himself into a chair, shading his face as much as possible from the light, as the landlord entered.

"You sent for me, sir, I think?" he said, after a few

moments' pause.

"I did," answered Lyndsay, nerving himself to speak. "Have you any letters here for—for Mr.

Lyndsay?"

"Letters for Mr. Lyndsay? No, sir. Anything, letter or parcel, that comes for Mr. Lyndsay by rail, is always sent straight to the Abbey."

"Mr. Lyndsay is staying there, then?" asked Horace,

nervously.

"Staying there!" exclaimed the landlord. "Mr. Lyndsay lives there. Wroxley Abbey belongs to him."

"Indeed. I thought his uncle-"

"Ah, I see, sir, you are a stranger in these parts. Mr. Oakley has been dead more than a year; a kind gentleman was Mr. Oakley. No one was more regretted," continued the landlord, continuing the conversation in which his guest seemed interested. "Not but what Mr. Lyndsay is much liked in the neighbourhood, also, especially since his marriage. The Abbey will soon be quite itself again."

"Is Mr. Lyndsay married?" Horace managed to ask, though it was all he could do to force his lips to shape the question; for a suspicion, which, strange to say, had never occurred to him before, now shot into

his mind.

"Mr. Lyndsay married a few months ago, sir,—married a lady who was engaged, it was said, to his elder brother. But he left England going on for two years now, and no one has seen or heard anything of him since. Beg pardon, sir, are you ill or over-tired? Shall I bring you a glass of wine?"

"No, I thank you," said Lyndsay, commanding himself by a great effort, and resolved to ascertain the whole truth without possibility of mistake. "What did you say was the name of the lady Mr. Lyndsay

married."

"Vere, sir, Miss Vere. She was no relation of Mr. Oakley's, I believe. But he was as fond of her as if she had been his own daughter. Mr. Oakley was very angry about something his eldest nephew had done, though people never knew rightly what it was. Old Mr. Gilly, the lawyer, told me that Mr. Oakley had declared in his presence, when he made a new will, that he would never again see, or hold any communication with Mr. Horace—that was his nephew's name. And folks say that he made Mr. James and Miss Vere promise the same, though that may or may not be true. I can't myself say. But are you sure, sir, that you wont take anything before your dinner?"

"Nothing, thank you," answered Lyndsay, feebly;

"but if you will show me my bedroom, I will lie down for an hour or two, until dinner time."

But when the dinner hour arrived, the landlord found his guest in no condition to partake of it. He was lying in a dull heavy stupor, from which it was found impossible to rouse him. A physician was sent for, who pronounced that his patient was suffering from brain fever, aggravated, to all appearance, by distress of mind. Delirium soon set in, and on the third day the doctor had but faint hope of his recovery. Exertions were now made by the clergyman of the parish, by whom he was daily visited, to discover his name and address: and an examination of his pockets and luggage, together with the information afforded by the landlord respecting his recent conversation with him, soon revealed his identity. Mr. Durnford rode over to Wroxley without loss of time: but Tames and Clara were unfortunately absent, having set out for a tour in Germany only two days before. A letter was written informing them of Horace's state, and urging their immediate return. But it became daily more plain that, hasten as they might, they could not arrive in time. On the ninth day the delirium passed away, and was succeeded by a few hours of quiet, during which Horace had a long and happy interview with Mr. Durnford. The latter assured him, as he was able to do from his own personal knowledge, that neither his brother nor Clara had given the promise reported by the landlord, or indeed, had ever been required to give it. It was true Mr. Oakley had spoken with bitterness of him when he received Lord Repton's letter, but he doubtless would not have retained his anger, had he known the true circumstances of the case.

"I like to think so," said Horace, "and to be assured that James and Clara also will know the truth

from you, and will acquit me of all but thoughtless folly. I have no wish to live."

"No," said Mr. Durnford, gravely, "for it is God's

pleasure that you should die."

"Yes. That is above all. But it is not that only. I feel that I am like Esau. 'I have found no place of repentance, though I have sought it carefully with tears.' My home, my inheritance, my promised wife, have all been taken from me, and could never be restored. I have not been permitted even to ask and receive forgiveness. I have bartered alike my birthright and my blessing for a mess of pottage."

"Esau only failed to find the place of forgiveness in this world," said Mr. Durnford, gently. "No man's repentance was ever rejected as regards the life

to come."

"True; that is my hope—the only one that sustains me now."

He closed his eyes once more from weakness, and

a few hours afterwards passed peacefully away.

It was sad to die thus—in the prime of life, and the full vigour of intellect—having marred the brightest prospects and flung away the most precious blessings, through mere wantonness of folly. But how infinitely more sad for a man to wake hereafter to find that he has forfeited a birthright immeasurably more glorious: to learn that a home had been prepared in the "house of many mansions," but that he would never be permitted to fill it: that the Love exceeding that of parent or of wife, which was to have been his, was given irrevocably to another; that for the sin of his life on earth there was no longer place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with everlasting tears.



## THE CURATE OF WORTLEY.

ILSON tells me I ought to keep a journal. He says, if his clerical life were to begin again, he would let no day pass without noting down some facts, though only for his

own eye. I fear my journal will record little but my own shortcomings. But I mean to take his advice, for he is a wise and good man, as well as my best friend. I can only undertake however to make an entry now and then. I could not manage it every day.

Well then, to begin with this day—June 25th, 1831. I, William Aubrey, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, have been settled here at my curacy of Wortley—about six weeks; and am beginning to feel more at home in the place and with the people. The first, at all events, is all that is delightful. It is a lovely little village, almost buried in woodland: and yet the sea-shore, with its grand old sandstone cliffs and delicious white sands is scarcely half a mile distant from the Parsonage House. Said Parsonage is old fashioned, the rooms in general too low, and rather poorly furnished. But they are very snug and comfortable nevertheless. Ah, if I had but the means, and Ellen Gardner would con-

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sent, what a paradise such a home as this might become! But I have no time for dreams.

There are about four hundred people, and the parish is very compact, there being but few outlying cottages. They are very kind and friendly, and my work at present is pleasant. But they are a less simple and primitive race than I should have expected—a good deal of drunkenness prevails I am afraid, particularly on certain occasions, which are most persistently kept up. One of them occurred last week—Wortley feast, they call it. It fell on a Saturday—not half my congregation were at Church on Sunday; and those who did come were scarcely fit to be present. I am told it is even worse at the Fair and the Regatta. By God's help we must have to being about a better state of things.

hope to bring about a better state of things.

The Church is old and picturesque, but in a sad state of neglect. The body of the Church is almost entirely occupied by six huge square pews, belonging to the farmhouses; and the chancel is nearly blocked up by two structures still more solid, which are designed for the family and household of the squire—the owner, that is, of Wortley Manor. But the latter has stood empty for these twenty years, and the property is in chancery. The poor, who chiefly compose my congregation, are hidden behind the farmers' pews or under the organ gallery, where they neither see nor hear, and besides, there really is not room for them. This too I should like to see amended: but I am the Curate, not the Vicar, of the parish, and Dr. Sandbroke may at any time, send me away or take a fancy to come and live here himself. I must not forget that I am but a curate with eighty pounds a year and a house to live in during the Incumbent's pleasure—" a hireling" as my brother Francis used to say, but he was always rather given to say sharp things. No; I am no hireling. The sheep are mine. They are

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really given into my charge—not by Dr. Sandbroke, but by the Master Shepherd, to whom I shall have to render in my account. I must never forget that either.

June 30th. I am afraid I shall have more difficulties than I at first apprehended. I called to-day at Farmer Pearce's and saw Mrs. Pearce and the daughters. They are regular attendants at the Church, and I was in hope I should get some help from them in parish But I found them very cold and distant-Mrs. Pearce told me plainly she didn't like my doctrine. It was not what they had been used to. Mr. Darwin, the former Curate, had never told them they were such grievous sinners, and for her part she didn't see she was any worse than she was before I came to Wortley. Mr. Pearce had some thoughts of taking his family to Hersely Church, which was a mile further off, but she hoped there would be no need. The young ladies complained that my sermons were longer than Mr. Darwin's, and that they didn't feel their hearts stirred as they used to be. I must own I was much disappointed, and inclined, I am afraid, to be angry. But I ought not to be. Wilson warned me that I should have many troubles of this kind, and that they were wholesome and even necessary for me.

July 4th. I hope it is not my fault, but I am getting every day more and more into trouble. I went yesterday to see Farmer Handley, who I heard was laid up with gout. Perhaps the pain had irritated him, but he was not content with grumbling this time, but was downright abusive. He didn't want a pert youngster from Cambridge College to come and tell him as he drank too much ale. Mr. Darwin had never told him so; but had drank a social glass with him, like a man and a Christian. And he wasn't going to be preached at in his own church, which he had gone to —man and boy—these forty years. If things went on

in this way, Joel Scroggs, who had been a trying this five years to build a meeting-house, shouldn't want a tenpound note to help him—that he shouldn't! I hope I was patient, but I could do no good. He didn't ask me to call again: and I am half afraid I shan't be let in next time. God help me! I must give my witness against drunkenness, the prevailing sin of this parish. I didn't mention any names in the pulpit. I never do. But one can't speak home truths without their taking it personally to themselves. At least I don't know how to do so.

Aug. 6th. There are some gleams of sunshine among the clouds, at all events. I went to-day to call on Widow Bentley, who lives in a little cottage about a mile from the Church. She is one of the poorest of my people, and has three orphan grandchildren dependent on her. I hardly know how she contrives to She does work I believe for some of the shops in Burnwell, which is five miles off; and Reuben, the eldest boy, gets three shillings a week and his dinner at Farmer Hobbes's. But it is wonderful how they can contrive to live. The little girl too is a cripple, and requires constant attendance. But Mrs. Bentley is always. at Church with the other boy, Thomas: and to-day she gladdened my heart, by telling me that my sermons always did her good, and helped her to bear her troubles much better than she did before I came; and she told me not to be out of heart, though the people did complain that I was too hard on them. I must be patient, and wait God's good time, and all would This is comforting indeed. come right.

Sept. 9th. More troubles. The people have found out that I don't like the state of the church. Indeed, I have never made any secret of it, thinking no harm; and, I must own, fancying every one would agree with me on the subject. Farmer Bolton, the largest

occupier in the parish, has been here to-day to tell me that he hopes it is not true that I want to knock the church about. It has been as it is now, in his time, and his father's time, and his grandfather's, and please God it shall remain so in his son's time too. He had heard I had written to Dr. Sandbroke, asking him to let me take down the farmers' pews, and the chancel pews, and the gallery, and he didn't know what, and put nothing but benches in their place. could say was, if I did, another petition would be sent to Dr. Sandbroke, asking him to send 'em Mr. Darwin again, or anyway another curate as they could get on with, for there was no peace in the parish now. assured him I had not written to Dr. Sandbroke, and would not do anything at any time without consulting the churchwardens, of whom he was one. He seemed somewhat pacified at this: but when I told him I could not say I wished the church to remain always in its present state, he took up his hat and went off evidently displeased.

November 14th. Worse and worse. I begin to doubt whether I am fitted for a post like this, and whether I ought not to give it up. I was all but mobbed this afternoon, as I went down the village. It seems that I told Mary Robson, whose husband is an inveterate drunkard, that I thought the feast and the fair did more harm than good in Wortley, and I wondered the magistrates did not interfere. She was complaining of her husband's hard usage, and I was trying to comfort her. She has told the people that I want to put the feast down, and mean to apply to the magistrates to stop it. As I passed by the door of the public house, several abusive names were shouted after me, which I should not like to repeat, and one or two stones were thrown, but I am not sure they were thrown at me. Widow Barton and James Langford were glad to see me though, and old Gilbert Haines said the sight of me always did his rheumatism good—I talked so comfortable. That was nice to hear at any rate. One must take the

rough with the smooth.

January 1st, 1832. A letter from Dr. Sandbroke this morning—not a very pleasant new year's gift. He has sent me his annual contribution to the school; but the money for the coals and blankets, which he used to dispense by my predecessor, Mr. Darwin, he has this year sent to Farmers Bolton and Cross, the churchwardens. He also gives me a hint that I am not popular in the parish—I knew that only too well before—and, "If you will permit me, an elder brother in the ministry, to give you a piece of advice, Mr. Aubrey, it would be that a clergyman is seldom unpopular without being himself in fault, to some extent at all events." God knows I have never doubted it: only I don't know how to help it. I have written to him of course, as a curate ought to his vicar, and shall try to profit by the lesson.

April 28th. I am afraid the congregation is beginning to fall off. I have hoped and hoped, and tried to persuade myself it would of course be smaller during the winter months, and then, that the cold March winds kept the old people away. But the weather for the last three Sundays has been mild, even warm, and yet the church is not half full. This is far worse than hard words and black looks. If the attendance continues to diminish, I shall write to Wilson for advice. It would be terrible to think that my shortcomings kept my people from their own church.

May 17th. A most kind and cheering letter from Wilson to-day. What a blessing to have such a friend,

Keble's Hymn for Whit Tuesday and sends me a Manual of Prayers, and bids me by all means to go on, unless some evident sign is given me that my ministry would be more profitable elsewhere. I had another letter also, from Francis. He has left his curacy, and offers to come and see me. It will be a great pleasure. He has ever been an affectionate brother, though I do not agree with him in all things.

June 2nd. Francis has been here some days. I can see he does not like the place. He preached for me on Sunday, and has paid one or two parochial visits while I was confined to the house with a sore throat. He declares the people are prejudiced and ungrateful beyond anything he has ever met with; and vows he will move heaven and earth to get me another and better curacy. He goes to-day, and I am sorry to lose him, he is so affectionate and brotherly. But I think he is hard on the people.

Tune 12th. What is this disease that they talk so much of? Can it be really the Asiatic cholera, of which one has heard so much from old Indian residents? Is that going to visit England? One can hardly believe it. And yet this would not be the first time that Eastern diseases have spread into these colder climates. I trust it may not be so: for it is always most virulent, I believe, where the drainage is bad, and the ground low and swampy. for all its beauty, stands at the bottom of a basin, and there is next to no drainage at all. I have several times tried to convince the people how unhealthy their homes are rendered by the dungheaps and stagnant drains. But they pay no heed to what I say. However, I suppose, after all, the cholera, if it does come to England, is scarcely likely to attack a little, isolated, out of the way village like this.

June 24th. My father writes me word that the

rector of Merstham, old Dr. Ringwood, is dead, and he means to apply to Lord Ingatestone to give the living to me. That would be delightful indeed—too pleasant to hope for. Four hundred and fifty people, rather more than there are here: but they have been well taught and cared for, and I am sure I could get on among them. And there is a charming house, and 600% a year to live on: and it is only three miles from my own home. And then perhaps Ellen Gardner—I positively will not allow myself to write another word, or I shall be quite unfitted for my duties.

July 13th. The cholera is coming—has come indeed: and I am fearful that even little Wortley will be visited by it. I saw Dr. Waring this morning in Burnwell. I had walked over on purpose to ask him He says there is no case as yet, to his about it. knowledge, within ten miles of Burnwell: but he has little hope that it will escape the disease. He gives an appalling account of its ravages; and what is worse, there seems to be no remedy on which any reliance can be placed. The best chance, he said, was to keep the drains as clear as possible, and remove all rotten vegetable and animal matter from near the houses: to avoid intoxicating drinks and close heated rooms, and be out in the fresh air as much as possible. Alas for poor Wortley, if its exemption from the pestilence is to depend on precautions like these! what is to become of the people if they are seized by it! No doctor nearer than five miles, and his time will be so fully taken up, that he will not be able to come more than once or twice a week, as Dr. Waring told me plainly when I drew his attention to it. "Mr. Aubrey," he said, "I will give you all needful medicines and directions, and you must induce the people to use them if you can. If they do not, not one in twenty who is attacked will recover." In fact it is plain that he thinks a great deal depends on me. Well, I must do what I can, but I fear few will listen to me.

July 20th. A letter this morning from my father. Contrary to all expectation, Lord Ingatestone has offered me the living. My father writes me word that I may come and take possession as soon as I like. Dr. Ringwood was a bachelor, and the house is already empty. But I don't think I ought to go, until I can be sure that the cholera will not visit Wortley. It has been raging at Burnwell for nearly a fortnight, and the mortality is frightful. But as yet no one has been taken ill at Wortley. I have been quite unable to persuade them to adopt any of Dr. Waring's precautions. They only scoff at me, and say the cholera is not likely to come to a village like Wortley, where there has been no fever within the memory of man. I hope they may prove right. I have written to my father to say I can't, under any circumstances, come for another week.

Aug. 1st. Alas, all doubt is over now. There have been two cases already in Wortley, and there can be no reasonable question there will be many more. Giles's cottage was the first to be attacked. I cannot wonder at it. He has an open drain in the patch of ground in front of his house, into which all the filth and refuse of the house is emptied, and the pigsty is right under his windows. Under a hot sun the stench is so insupportable, that I have often wondered it did not breed pestilence of itself. His two children, a boy and girl, were seized this morning with the giddiness and violent griping which are the first symptoms, and soon afterwards their lips and nails began to turn blue. Mrs. Giles, who as well as her husband had made a joke of the danger, was frightened out of her wits. She sent a neighbour's boy up to me, and set her husband, who had just come in to his dinner, to begin cleaning out the drain and the pigsties, on the instant, though it was twelve o'clock at the time, and the day was burning hot. When I got down there I found the drain already half emptied, and the smell of course twice as strong as before. I remonstrated with him, and urged him to wait till evening, at all events. he would pay no more heed now than he would to my former representations. Indeed he was even more insolent than before, declaring that he had only acted according to my advice, and if harm came of it, it would be my fault. I went and saw the children, but it was plain in a moment nothing could be done for The circulation had almost ceased before I arrived, and the limbs were as stiff and cold as those of a statue. Mrs. Giles was almost beside herselfone moment weeping over them and imploring me to save them; and the next declaring it was all caused by the remedies I had told her to give—the camphor and the cold water. If they had only had plenty of wine and brandy they would have been right before this; and neither she nor her husband would take any part in the prayers I offered: the latter even saying as I left the house, if I couldn't do no more for them than that, he didn't see much good in my coming. shall go down again this evening nevertheless. no hope of finding them alive, but the parents may be softened. Of course there is an end of all idea of my leaving Wortley at present. I have written to tell my father so.

Aug. 3rd. The disease has now fully shown itself. Rachel Ivy and Michael Robson were taken ill yesterday morning. Robson's drunken habits rendered him an easy prey. He died in two hours in great agony. His wife would not send to me, and I heard nothing of the case until after he was gone. Rachel Ivy is still alive, but in a hopeless state. Her cottage and Rob-

son's are the nearest to Giles's, and they declare it was owing to the stirring up of the drain matter, in consequence of my advice, that they were taken ill. I think that likely enough under the circumstances. A remedy taken too late is often worse than the disease. But I must persevere, God being my helper. The people will listen to me in time, and they have no one else to look to. They have sent in more than one message to Dr. Waring: but he has told them that every hour of his time is taken up by urgent cases.

August 4th. God strengthen me to endure what I have seen and borne to-day! The pestilence is breaking out everywhere, and my remedies, even when the people take them, seem wholly powerless. King and the whole of his five children; George Rossiter, his wife and baby; Mary Hopley, Susan Carter and her nephew, Louisa Pearce at Hattely Farm, and two of the farm servants, have all been seized simultaneously. Several are dead already, and many more sinking fast. The people seem to have lost their senses. Some have taken to reckless drinking; several have run away from their families and hid themselves no one knows where: others sit in a state of stony despair, which I warn them in vain will make them almost certain victims of the malady. Very few will attend to my directions, or even admit me into their houses. They have a wild extravagant fancy, caused I suppose in the first instance by the story of Giles's drain, that it is through my fault that this visitation has attacked them. They will hardly consent to bring the bodies to be buried in Wortley churchyard: indeed they would not, if they were not obliged. It is heartrending to me to see the angry looks and hear the bitter words that are levelled at me, though I know it is all undeserved. There are some exceptions, of course. Old Langford was taken ill

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vesterday, and died this morning, but he sent for me the moment he was taken ill, and I was with him constantly. He bore his suffering patiently, and died with a blessing for me on his lips. That was a comfort to hear indeed. Widow Bentley's youngest boy, Thomas, was seized in the usual manner vesterday with headache and cramp in the limbs. She sent the other boy, Reuben, to me, and I was with her almost immediately. She was calm and composed. and carried out all Dr. Waring's directions without We put the boy to bed, placed hot bottles under his feet, gave him repeated doses of camphor, and fastened cool bandages round his head. which we repeatedly changed. I left him after an hour, leaving directions that the room should be kept fresh and cool, and cold water alone given him to drink. He seemed somewhat relieved, but I hardly dare hope he will recover. None who have been seized have done so as yet.

Same evening. Francis has arrived. How kind of him to endanger himself for me. He says my father and mother are in great anxiety about me, and want me to leave Wortley at once. I told him I could not; that I felt it my duty to stay and look after my people. He replied that they were not my people, but Dr. Sandbroke's; I was only stipendiary curate, doing temporarily another man's duty. They had, no doubt, a claim on Dr. Sandbroke. but none on me. Indeed the Merstham people were now my people, for his father had accepted the living in my name, and they were without a pastor. events, my own parents and brothers and sisters, and he even said Ellen Gardner-how could he have known it !--must have a stronger claim on me than the Wortley people could possibly have. And then he urged their thanklessness and obstinacy, which rendered all my exertions utterly useless. I could not answer him at the time, but I have promised to give him an answer in the morning. May God be pleased

to guide me right in this matter.

August 5th. I have given Francis my answer. He has gone—gone disappointed, but not in anger, thank God. I told him this morning, that I had thought it all over, and that my mind was quite clear on the subject. I had been set over the people at Wortley, not by Dr. Sandbroke only, nor by the Bishop of the Diocese, but the Great Bishop of the Church, and He could not be pleased that I should leave them till some one took my place. But no one could be asked to do this until the cholera had gone away, and therefore it was my duty to stay. I gave him letters for my father and mother and Ellen, and we parted good friends.

Same afternoon. Good news, good for the first time. Little Tom Bentley is decidedly better. Mr. Johnson, Dr. Waring's partner, has been over, and says he thinks him out of danger. I hope this will have its effect on the villagers. Poor creatures, they are suffering terribly for their folly. Thirty-six are dead already, and at least a dozen more are in great danger. Poor Pearce, they say, is broken-hearted at the loss of his daughter. A message from Mr. Bolton, begging I will go up at once. I wonder who is taken

ill there!

August 6th. Mr. Bolton is dangerously ill, but I think he will get over it. We applied the same remedies as in little Tom's case, and with much the same effect. But he is a strong hearty man, and his strength is pretty sure to hold out. Mrs. Pearce I am afraid wont recover, but she took my visit kindly, and was glad for me to read and pray with her. She asked my pardon for her hard thoughts when we

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parted, and so did her husband and daughter. latter acts as nurse, and has promised to carry out my directions, or rather Dr. Waring's.

August 8th. Mr. Bolton is convalescent, and very friendly and grateful. Mrs. Pearce still lingers. There are a great many new cases, and several deaths. But a good many are now in a fair way to recover. I hope and believe the worst is now over.

August 16th. I really do believe that the curse has been withdrawn; may His name be praised! There were only two new cases to-day, and those very slight ones: and all who are still ill are in a fair way of recovery. The feeling about me seems quite changed. Widow Bentley told me with tears in her eyes, that it did her good to hear the folks speak of "her dear Mr. Aubrey" so. She said it was like St. Paul in the island of Malta. They thought at first that I was a murderer and not good enough to live, and now they had changed their minds, and said I was a god. I trust I am not likely to be puffed up with these praises. have learned too well in the course of these terrible lessons, what a poor weak creature I am.

August 21st. The cholera seems really gone. more cases, and all the sick convalescent. We are to have a thanksgiving service on Wednesday, for the cessation of the disease. All the farmers mean to attend it, except Farmer Handley, who I hear scoffs at the whole thing.

poor who can go, will be absent.

August 23rd. I have seen a terrible sight to-day. May God grant again. Farmer Handley was suddenly taken ill this morning at four o'clock. He had declared throughout that brandy was the only preservative against the only preservative against the seizure been in a state of semi-intoxication, the seizure of Giles's child. He took more than

usual, they told me, last night, and woke this morning in dreadful agony. His niece came up herself, two hours before church time, and entreated me to go to him, for he was himself not in a state to give any He was delirious, half with terror and half with intoxication. I never witnessed so awful a scene. One moment he raved against me, and against the doctor—the one for bringing the cholera into the village as he declared, the other for not curing it. The next he cried out to me to pray to Almighty God to spare his life. Then he called for brandy, and vented curses so fearful, that it was hardly possible to remain in the room with him. I was obliged to desist from the prayers I was offering, I really could not go This continued to the last. He died about a quarter to eleven o'clock in terrible agonies. I had only just time to get down to the church before the service began. It was crowded from one end to the other. I never saw such a congregation; and almost every one there was in black. I could hardly get through the service; and when I came to the sermon and had to tell them about Farmer Handley and his fearful end, my knees shook under me so, that I could I don't know how I finished the hardly stand. sermon, or who helped me home. Even now I have not got over it. My head aches so that I can hardly write these lines, and my limbs shiver as if I had the ague. I must leave off and go to bed."

There were no more entries in Mr. Aubrey's journal. But in the county paper about a twelve-month afterwards, there appeared the following notice.

"Wortley Church.—This ancient structure was reopened by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, after having undergone a thorough restoration. The square pews in the nave and chancel have been pulled down, and open oak sittings substituted. The organ gallery has been taken away, the whitewash and plaster removed, and the ancient stonework everywhere repaired. It is difficult to recognise in the present beautiful and well-proportioned building, the structure which a twelvemonth ago was the byword of the neighbourhood for neglect and decay.

"We understand that the restoration has been made entirely at the cost of the inhabitants of Wortley, as a tribute to the memory of the Reverend William Aubrey, late curate of the parish, whose devotion to his duties during the recent visitation of the cholera had made a deep impression on his parishioners; and who was the last that fell a victim to the pestilence. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Pearce were both large subscribers to the fund, and scarcely a single person in Wortley, we are told, failed to give to the utmost of his ability.

"Among those present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey and the Reverend Francis Aubrey, the parents and brother of the deceased. They were accompanied by a young lady in deep mourning, whose name we did not ascertain. By the especial request of the Bishop, the sermon was preached by the Reverend Austin Wilson, Fellow of Clare Hall, who, we are informed, had been the tutor and friend of the deceased. The reverend gentleman took for his text, the eleventh and thirteenth verses of the tenth chapter of St. Iohn. 'The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep . . . . the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."





## THE NEWBY SCHOLARSHIP.

T was half-past five o'clock, and the Hall of St. Ebbe's College was crowded, as it was wont to be during the hour of dinner; the number of undergraduates being more than

the building could conveniently accommodate. In particular the Commoners' table on the right hand of the entrance, commonly known as the "Reading Men's Table," was so full, that several of its ordinary occupants had been obliged to take refuge at the lower board—carefully shunned in general by the older men as being supposed to be the resort of Freshmen. Conversation was proceeding after the usual Oxford fashion: the same topics that had been discussed on previous days recurring again and again—usque ad nauseam an older man would have said: but happily the talkers were at an age when such nausea is, comparatively at least, unknown.

"There is the notice up for the Newby," said Miles, who had just successfully surmounted his "moderations," and was inclined to plume himself somewhat thereon. "I thought it was not to come on till the beginning of next month."

"Paterson leaves in another fortnight," answered the undergraduate addressed, Somers by name, "and he wants to examine for the last time I suppose. The Newby was mainly his founding, though it bears old Newby's name."

"It is a capital good thing, whoever founded it," said Benson, another Commoner of the same standing. "Eighty pounds for four years is something like. I had some thought of entering for it myself, only I could not put off my 'little go' any longer."

"Enstone is much obliged to you I have no doubt," said Miles, laughing. "He would have taken his name

off, if he had known you were going in for it."

"Enstone is obliged, eh?" observed Somers. "You are making pretty sure he is to have it, I think! Ah, by-the-bye I forgot—you are a Harchester man, but we Winboroughs say he hasn't a chance. Harry Seymour is safe to beat him any day in the week."

"Ay, ay, any day in the week except the seven first," responded Miles. "Seymour's a clever fellow, no one denies that. I hear Paterson says his Greek Iambics are the next thing to Sophocles, and his Latin prose is to match. But Enstone, mind you, is an awful fellow to work! He can construe any passage in half a dozen authors, where I expect Seymour would break down; and he has pretty nearly the whole of Greek and Roman history at his fingers' ends. In a history paper I expect your pet would break down."

"As regards mere dates and that sort of thing, perhaps Enstone would have the best of it," said Somers; "but in the philosophy of history—and that's the thing that tells most, after all, in an examination—

Seymour would flog Enstone to ribbons."

"What, are you two fellows at it again!" interposed Benson. "Harchester and Winborough—Clifton's pils versus Silverbrook's! There's no truce to your

battles. It is a good thing the scholarship's coming

off, and then the thing will be settled."

"I hope Enstone wont get it, anyway," remarked Dolland, who had hitherto sat listening to the conversation. "I don't much care who gets it, only I hope it wont be Enstone."

"Why wish that?" asked Miles. "That's rather

spiteful, I think."

"Enstone is such a screw," returned Dolland. "He has never given a wine or a breakfast party since I have been up, and he wont subscribe to either boat or cricket club. He is the only fellow in college that does not."

"Well, perhaps he hasn't the money," returned Miles. "And if he hasn't got it, he can't pay it. Ex

nihilo nil fit."

"Oh yes, he has. I used to know his family when we were living in Shropshire in his neighbourhood. The Enstones are very well off—have rather a nice place in fact. And he is the eldest son, too; and there is only one younger brother, and a sister. No, it isn't that, you may depend upon it."

"It isn't what, Dolland?" said a pleasant voice, as Harry Seymour took his place at the dinner table. "Not the right odds upon Trumpeter for the Derby, or against the Balliol boat in the race with Brasenose? Those are the things generally running in your head."

"We were talking of the race between the Harchester pet and the Winborough colt for the Newby stakes," retorted Dolland, a little put out at the other's tone. "I was saying it wasn't the last named that was going to win."

Seymour's face clouded a little, and he suffered the conversation to drop. The Newby was the one subject he could not bear to hear discussed, and of this the St. Ebbe's men were well aware. He had come up

from Winborough, not merely the best man of his year there, but Dr. Silverbrook's favourite pupil, who had been for two or three years the admiration of the school, and of whom it had been predicted that he would sweep Oxford of its prizes. Perhaps if his industry had equalled his talents, the prediction might have been fulfilled. But Seymour was a man of family and fortune, who had the means of indulging his tastes to an extent which few men possessed. Though he by no means gave up study, his diligence became sensibly abated; and as a natural consequence he was beaten in the competition for the great University prizes by men who gave up their whole time to the work. He had been greatly annoyed at this result. The time of the annual election at Winborough was approaching, and he had accepted the head master's invitation to pass a few days at his house during its progress. It would be mortifying in the extreme to him, if he should not be able to report that he had gained a single one of the prizes, which had been so lavishly anticipated for him by his friends.

There was, however, still a chance for him. old fellow of Stafford College who had lived—as fellows in the olden time were wont to live—for more than fifty years in his rooms up the tower staircase, gradually losing one friend after another till only one remained, and that one a man thirty years younger than himself, and the son of one of his early chums this man had died some few years before, leaving behind him ten thousand pounds, the savings chiefly of At the request of his friend Mr. Paterhis fellowship. son, he had devoted the interest of this money to founding an exhibition of 80l. a year, tenable for four years; for which any undergraduate who had not yet passed his responsions might compete. It chanced that the successful competitors that year for the

Ireland and Hertford scholarships were both men in their third year: nor did there appear to be any rival who could compete successfully with Seymour, unless it was the person already named, Charles Enstone, an undergraduate of the same college as Seymour The former had come up from Harchester with the reputation of being a solid scholar, though lacking the taste and elegance for which his rival was conspicuous. He had several times come into collision with Seymour at the college examinations; and as these chiefly turned on knowledge of the books studied during the term, had generally been complimented more highly than Seymour. This was particularly galling to the latter, who could ill brook to be worsted, not only by the élite of other colleges, but a man belonging to his own. He had in consequence devoted himself for the last two terms to preparation for the scholarship examination, with an earnestness of determination which he had never evinced before. A private tutor, celebrated for his successful training of aspiring students, had been chosen, under whose direction he had laboured in a manner highly satisfactory, not only to that gentleman, but to the tutors of St. Ebbe's. Everything seemed to promise well. Still Seymour did not feel comfortable about Enstone. The latter had engaged no private tutor -being, as was generally thought, too stingy to go to the expense. But he received a good deal of assistance from Mr. Paterson, who was always willing to help any undergraduate who was really in earnest about his work: and he had succeeded so often against Seymour, when the latter least expected it, that it was difficult to feel confident of the result of any examination for which he had entered.

As the time went on, Seymour's interest in his work grew more and more keen: and he began insensibly

to regard his rival with a dislike, for which he was secretly well aware there was no justification. Always good-humoured, though quiet and retiring, Enstone provoked no one's anger: and if he did not himself take a part in the undergraduates' amusements, he always seemed to have a friendly interest in them. Perhaps this very blamelessness was more annoying to Seymour than open offence would have been. At all events his aversion to Enstone deepened as the weeks went on. If he did not take part against him, it was notorious that he liked to hear him attacked: and his inveteracy was increased by the mischievous sallies of his companions, who constantly brought up his name whenever they wished to put Seymour's back up.

On the present occasion, as he took his place at the head of his table after dinner,—for he had invited a dozen or so of the men of his own College to take wine in his rooms,—he felt more than usually unfriendly

towards his rival.

He had just heard that Mr. Paterson, who, the reader knows, had been acting as Enstone's private tutor, was to be the principal examiner for the Newby. This, he fancied, would give his antagonist a considerable advantage, and, as he again fancied, an unfair one. He would be acquainted with the style of Paterson's questions, and know exactly how to answer them with effect. Another thing also vexed The undergraduates had subscribed to present Mr. Paterson with some silver plate on his retirement from the College. Seymour had given handsomely, and was the secretary of the fund. Few of the men had refused to contribute: but among these it was reported that Enstone was one. Seymour felt indignant at this shabbiness, as well as at the opposition to his scheme, the subscription having mainly originated with him.

"Well, Harding," he exclaimed, as an undergraduate, followed closely by another of his own age, entered the room. "We want you to tell us how the Paterson fund gets on. I haven't heard for several days.

Is the money all made up yet?"

"No, but I tell you what is," said the second of the new comers, taking the word out of his companion's mouth. "The list of subjects for the preliminary examination is made up, and I declare they have put the Euclid among them. That has never been done before—not for four years to my certain knowledge."

"That's old Prendergast's doing," exclaimed Somers.
"I know he has been making a row about the men

shirking his lectures."

"That's not all," said Dolland. "Prendergast's very thick with Enstone, who is always as regular at the Euclid lecture as clockwork. I suspect this is a

dodge to lend him a help."

Seymour was again silent, not trusting himself to speak. It had always been the practice to examine the candidates for the Newby in the subjects read during the term in the college lectures, in order that any who might break down in these should not be suffered to compete for the scholarship. previous examination was, so far as the best men were concerned, little more than a mere form. But Seymour saw at once that it would be a very different matter, if the competitors were required to do the Euclid to Prendergast's satisfaction. He had no taste for mathematics, and had constantly absented himself from the Euclid lecture. The chances were that he would break down in an examination on it. In his present frame of mind, he was disposed to regard the whole move as one designed—if not for the express purpose of giving Enstone the scholarship, at least, for that of excluding himself from competition for it.

resolved however inwardly with all the strength of his will, that the scheme should fail. He would get the Newby scholarship, in spite of all obstacles thrown in his way. Better to say nothing on the subject, but as soon as the wine party was over, he would take steps to defeat Mr. Prendergast's machinations.

"Never mind the Newby," he said aloud. "You've all heard plenty about that already: and some of us will have plenty to do with it next week: I want to hear about the Paterson. Harding, have you got all the

money yet?"

"No," said Harding; "Harris and Ingham say Paterson is their particular aversion. Woolcott offers us to give his name to any amount we like, but he hasn't any money: Lawley has gone down for a week. Enstone has sent no answer."

"No answer?" said Somers; "that's his way of shirking out of paying, without confessing his shabbiness."

"And considering that Paterson has been coaching him gratis for the last two terms, it's shabbiness that he ought to be made to confess," added Dolland.

"Well, I do think it is very bad," assented Benson. "He ought to be the first man in College to pay up. The secretary ought to write, obliging him to answer. Don't you think so?"

Yes, I do," said Somers. "Harry ought to write

immediately."

"Hear, hear," said Dolland and several others.

"Well, if you wish it, I have no objection," said Seymour. "It would have been better for some reasons that some one else should have done it; but as I am secretary, it is my business, and I shan't evade it. I'll write this evening."

The conversation now turned on other subjects, and in an hour or so the undergraduates resumed hat or wideawake, and lounged down to see the racing boats come in, or hear the result of the day's match on the

Cowley ground.

Seymour refused all invitations to accompany his As the door closed behind the last of them, he commenced at once the work, which was properly that of his bedmaker, but which he was resolved to have done immediately. He carried the remains of the feast, with the plates and glasses, into the scout's room: pushed aside the chairs, and reduced the table to its ordinary dimensions. Then sitting down at his desk he wrote and directed a short note to Enstone, which he placed in the card-rack over the mantelpiece, intending to give it to his scout for delivery as soon as he came in. "There, that is done," he said; "and now for this Euclid!" He took the volume down from his shelf. "The first two books—that is all Prendergast can require, and I have three days to get it up in. Well, working hard, I think I can manage it: I knew most of the propositions when I came up from Winborough, and I can do half of them now, I am pretty sure. There's just sixty propositions. Twenty a day will do it; so here goes."

He seated himself at his desk and worked with all the energy of his character till ten o'clock, then setting his alarum so as to wake him at four, he went to bed. He arose at the hour appointed, and continued his work all the morning, only leaving off twice for a short walk in the College gardens between nine and ten; and a bathe in Iffley lasher in the afternoon. He went to bed early, rose at the same hour again, and persisted in the same routine—deaf to the innumerable knocks at his door, and shouts under his window, with which his friends endeavoured to break in on his retreat. By the middle of the third day he had completed his task. He threw down the book

as he wound up the last proposition, and catching up his hat, resolved to go forth for a long constitutional to refresh himself against the examination on the morrow. As he was turning to leave the room, his eye lighted on the note he had written three days before to Enstone, but which he had overlooked in the interest which his work had excited. Taking it with him he left it at the porter's lodge as he passed, and then set off at a round pace for the breezy heights of Shotover.

The next day the paper-work began. Some three or four of the candidates were rejected on the score of their being unable to pass the previous examination, and most of these failed in the Euclid. But to the surprise of all, and perhaps the secret disappointment of the Harchester men, Seymour was not among them. On the contrary, Mr. Prendergast complimented him on the manner in which he had passed this part of the trial, feeling perhaps that he had done Seymour some injustice in the complaints he had made respecting him.

The field being thus narrowed, the examination proper commenced, and proceeded greatly to Seymour's satisfaction during the first two days. It seemed as though Mr. Paterson, if indeed he was the person by whom the papers were set, had been resolved that no one should charge him with undue favour to Enstone. All the points in which Seymour was likely to shine were brought prominently forward. On the first day there was a subject set for Greek verse, and another for Latin Alcaics, which were the very things he would have chosen himself, had he been allowed to draw up the papers. He was still more fortunate in the translation into Greek prose, having done the very passage only three weeks before, under his tutor's guidance, and having therefore all the benefit of his

He was equally fortunate the second day. correction. The subject for the historical essay was one with which he was completely familiar, and the passages from the various authors, he was able to render without any but the most trifling mistakes. Certainly in no examination in which he had been previously engaged had he ever succeeded nearly as well. course there was no saying but what Enstone might have been as fortunate, or even more so. But Seymour felt that this was highly improbable. Indeed, the look of his rival as they encountered one another at the foot of the hall staircase, after the historical essay papers had been sent in, showed disappointment and anxiety too plainly to be mistaken. The demeanour of Dr. Rutherford, the Principal of St. Ebbe's, whom he met shortly afterwards, was equally encouraging. Doctor merely wished him good evening as they passed, but he looked uncommonly gracious, as he was never wont to do, except when one of his undergraduates had acquitted himself with extraordinary success.

"Things are going right I think," he said to his Winborough satellites, who came full of eagerness to know how he had hit off the papers that day. "I have been lucky in the subjects and the passages too. Of course I don't know how any one else has done, but I have got on quite as well as I could have hoped."

"All right, Harry," said Somers; "Enstone's been croaking this afternoon worse than he did yesterday. That historical essay, I expect, shut him up altogether. The Harchesters are all down in the mouth, and have pretty nearly given up the thing as a bad job."

"Well, good night, Somers, any way," said Seymour, "I shall go to bed at once. To-morrow we shall

know the issue, one way or the other."

To-morrow came, and Seymour was seated over an early breakfast, intending to take a turn in the College

gardens before the recommencement of the examination, when two letters were put into his hand. He opened the first, which was from his mother. It contained no news of any consequence, except the serious illness of his uncle, the Vicar; but there were no grounds, Lady Seymour wrote, for actual alarm. If there should be any unfavourable turn, Harry should at once be told of it. Having finished the maternal epistle, Seymour carelessly took up the other; but his interest in it was somewhat quickened, when he noticed that the direction was in Enstone's handwriting.

"An answer to my letter, I suppose, about the subscription to Paterson's plate," he said. "Well, he has taken two days to answer it, but that's no great wonder. Hallo! He has written a good long letter to make up for his delay, anyhow. What in the world can all this be about?"

"St. Ebbe's, Oxford. May, 18—

## " My Dear Harry—

("That's cool, too," interjected Seymour. "I wonder what right he thinks he can have to 'Harry' me!")

"I should have answered your letter before, but my time has been almost entirely taken up by this examination. I had some hope of being able to send you the money you asked for, up till to-day; but I now fear there is no chance of my doing so.

("Never thought there was," again muttered Harry, parenthetically.)

"I have done my best—my very best, but I shall fail—I feel certain of it in my own mind. This rival of mine, about whom I have more than once written to you, and who is a fine manly fellow, having no other fault than that he doesn't much like me—will inevitably get the Newby. I wish he knew the true circum-

stances of the case. I think he would be generous enough to let me win. It is nothing but bare honour to him, it is life and death to us.——

("Hallo!" exclaimed Seymour again, when he had got thus far. "What on earth does this mean? This can't be intended for me, though the envelope has my address on it. There is clearly some mistake. I oughtn't to read any further. I don't know though," he added, after a few minutes' reflection; "he says he wishes I knew the circumstances of his case. Well then, there can be no harm in my informing myself of them: and I really think I ought to know them. I had no idea of anything of the kind he mentions." He accordingly again took up the letter and proceeded.)

"You know, Harry, how carefully we have kept the secret of my father's imprudent speculation, and the fact that the property is mortgaged for many years to come, to its full value. If I could have got the Newby, I could have stayed on here, and have afforded sixty or seventy pounds a year, to provide my mother and you and Charlie with a respectable home. And then I could have struggled on and taken, I have no doubt, a good degree -Mr. Paterson says I should be pretty sure of my first -and obtained a fellowship; and our position in the world would have been regained. It was a pleasant programme, but it is not God's pleasure it should be The only thing now is to leave Oxford, and take the ushership at the school I told you of. It is but eighty pounds a year, but that will pay for house-rent and bread and meat for you three, and perhaps hereafter I may be able to get work at some Theological College, and so get into orders, after all. Charlie, that is the saddest part of it. I am afraid he wont get the education of a gentleman, after all; I

don't see how it is to be managed. If I take the ushership, I may be able to teach him myself, but only at odd times. If we had but a friend who would give him a nomination at Charterhouse or Christ's Hospital, or some similar foundation! But it's of no use thinking of that. Good-bye, and God bless you, my dearest sister. Think of our mother, and break this disappointment gently to her. I am never inclined to break down, except when I think of her. Again good-bye, dear Harriet. I am ever,

"Your affectionate brother,
"CHARLES ENSTONE."

"And this is the fellow I have been moving heaven and earth to cut out of the Newby!" exclaimed Seymour, as he laid down the letter. "Trying to cut him out of the Newby, and abusing him as a screw and a snob, and I don't know what else! What a brute I have been, to be sure: though to be sure again, I didn't know it. Well, what is to be done It is too late to give up going in for the scholarship, and Enstone wouldn't consent, I'm pretty sure, to my retiring in his favour: and besides, it would make a strange sort of story. Ah! I have it," he continued, a moment afterwards, as his eye lighted on his mother's letter. "I'll go down at once on the score of my uncle's illness. I'll go to the old Principal and tell him all, and ask his permission to leave college before the examination is over. He is a gentleman, and a kind-hearted old fellow too. I am sure he will allow me."

He hurried off to the Principal's house, and in another hour was travelling homewards by the Great Northern Railway.

The surprise in college was intense when his departure was known. In the instance of almost any other man, it would have been suspected that he had broken down hopelessly in the papers, and did not want to encounter the open humiliation of a defeat. But even the Harchester men did not suggest this in the present instance. On the second day a note was received by Somers from Seymour, in which the latter said that he had that morning heard of his uncle's serious illness, and had thought it right to go immediately to see him: but should the fever take a

favourable turn, he hoped to return soon.

"A lucky job for Enstone, that's all I can say," was the Winborough comment on the occurrence: and "Well, I'd rather Enstone had won in a fair fight, than by a chance like this," that of Harchester. But the minds of undergraduates are seldom tenacious of any subject, however absorbing it may have been at first. In a day or two the match with the Marylebone Club, the athletic sports, and the race with the First Trinity Boat at Henley, had entirely superseded in popular interest the Newby scholarship and its attendant circumstances.

Seymour returned home, explained so far as was necessary the cause of his unexpected arrival, and besought his father, who chanced to be one of the governors of the Charterhouse, to give Charley Enstone a nomination. After much badgering, Sir William Seymour was induced to comply, and our hero had the satisfaction of hearing that the secretary had intimated to Mrs. Enstone, that her son might enter at the beginning of the next half-year.

Harry then returned to St. Ebbe's, where he was cordially received by his associates—Winborough included, though he had not won the Newby for

included, though he had not won the Newby for them. On the evening of his arrival, after Seymour's friends had left him, there came a tap at his door, and

Enstone entered.

"Seymour," he said, "the same morning on which you went away, I received a letter from my sister, enclosing a note which I had written in answer to yours, but had by mistake enclosed in an envelope directed to her. As soon as I heard of your departure, I knew what had happened. You wont think me mean, if I took advantage of your generous sacrifice. I cannot find words to thank you enough."

"Don't try, there's a good fellow," said Seymour, heartily shaking his hand. "I speak the honest truth, when I say that I wouldn't have got the Newby if you had paid me to do it. I ought to say too, I suppose, that I have been unkind and unjust." But as

I said before, we had best only shake hands."

Every one in St. Ebbe's noticed the change in Seymour during the remainder of the term. He had always been on the whole a man who found his undergraduate existence pleasant enough. But he was at times inclined to be irritable, and grumble at the petits désagrémens which even college life sometimes presents. All that even seemed to be forgotten. His voice was the merriest, and his laugh the heartiest on all occasions.

"Ay," said the old Principal to himself, as he watched Seymour one day from his study window, "he has found out the truth of that saying, which men in general are so little inclined to believe. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"





## MORVEN'S CASTLE.



HE county of Donegal, which lies at the northwestern extremity of Ireland, is everywhere singularly wild and romantic. Inland, the country is for the most part uneven and

mountainous,—in some places presenting a series of bold eminences; in others, expanding into vast tracts of heath and bog, broken by numerous small lakes, each in itself a gem of beauty, and extending down to the sandy beach of the Atlantic. The seacoast, again, is one long succession of picturesque features. The cliffs, everywhere of great height, are broken only by broad estuaries running far inland: and the banks of these are sometimes edged on the one side by mural precipices, rising abruptly to an altitude of two thousand feet, and on the other, by primeval forests, through which the red deer still range in all their native freedom.

Off the coast lie numerous islands, some few of which are inhabited by races as primitive as those over which Roderick or Dermot reigned; but the greater part are too small, or too rocky for cultivation, and have no other tenants than the seabirds, or a

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few fishermen and smugglers who occasionally land there.

Beautiful as the neighbourhood is, it is, from a variety of causes, rarely explored by tourists, and at the time to which this tale refers, it was a strange occurrence indeed for the natives of Kildarg to receive their visits. The landlord of the little inn was unable to afford sufficient accommodation to a party which, early in the month of September, 1814, arrived to pass a few days in the village, and make excursions into the more interesting parts of the country. obliged to resort for help to the Protestant parson, the Reverend James Sulivan; to whom he explained, with many apologies and much circumlocution, that they wanted five bedrooms and two sitting-rooms at the least. whereas his inn only supplied three bedchambers (out of one of which the gossoon had to be temporarily ejected). and the room ordinarily used as the public place of resort, but which might for the occasion be appropriated entirely to the visitors. Thus, about one-half of the party might be accommodated after a fashion; but as for the other half, unless he put them into the cowhouse by day, and the stable-loft by night, there was no place where they could find lodging of any kind. "And they're raal gintry too, Mr. Sulivan," he added; "there's a young lady that bates the world for beauty, and a gintleman as seems in love with the sod she steps on. And a navy officer, with his wife and childer; and another officer besides, that's as full of fun as an egg is of mate. Sure they're company fit to sit at your Riverence's table any day in the week."

It did not require much persuasion to induce Mr. Sulivan to call on the party and offer the hospitality of his house. The truth was, that their arrival was a relief to the monotony of his life, such as he seldom experienced; and it was with a very real satisfaction

that he welcomed the whole party as guests at his dinner table, supplying bedrooms to Captain Riley, his wife, and Miss Vesey, and leaving Mr. Swain, Mr. Feltham, and the captain's two sons, to make the best they could of the accommodation at the "Crab and Lobster." Two or three days were taken up with exploring the mountain passes, for which the county was When these were exhausted, Mr. Sulivan, directing his attention seawards, recommended that they should make an excursion to an islet, called "Morven's Castle," which lay at a distance of about seven miles from shore—an outlying fragment of the great group of basaltic rocks, by which the north-west coast of Ireland has been rendered famous.

"It will well repay the time and trouble you may bestow on it," he said; "nor is there any difficulty in the expedition, provided you get there at the right time of the day. The floor of the cave, the great attraction, is dry in parts at low water, and there is a shore on which you may land without difficulty. You must leave again before high tide, as the island then becomes a mere rock, with sides so smooth and steep that it cannot be ascended, and there is fourteen or fifteen foot water round the base. But Corny O'Keefe knows the island well, and he'll be proud to take you there and back

to-morrow, if you wish it."

"What do you say the island is called?" inquired

Captain Riley.

"' Morven's Castle,' the people here name it," said Mr. Sulivan. "There is a legend, that some one of that name, in very remote times, was sheltered from justice there, and had some secret way from the cave to the top of the rock, where there are said to be the remains of a human habitation. But the story is, I believe, pure fiction."

"What a charming romance," said Miss Vesey;

"we must go there, uncle, must we not?" she continued, addressing Captain Riley; "if it is only to find out the secret way."

The rest of the party approving the proposal, O'Keefe was sent for, and arrangements made for starting on the following morning. Captain Riley, who felt some scruple at intruding more than he had already done on the liberality of his host, took an opportunity of going down to the "Crab and Lobster," and directing the landlord to provide the lunch that was to be eaten on the island, in such abundance that no pretext could be offered for adding anything to it. O'Keefe's eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he saw the supply of spirits packed in one of the hampers. "I'll have my share of that," he thought, as he stowed the hamper in a safe place, near his own end of the boat. "It is Brady's finest whisky, and it isn't often that I taste the like of that."

The next morning was not so propitious as had been anticipated. There was no rain, but there was a sharp wind inshore, and the sky was dull and lowering. Nevertheless, as the boatmen all agreed that there was no likelihood of rain, and no other day could be found suitable for the expedition, the party set off about nine o'clock in the morning, under the direction of O'Keefe. Captain Riley undertook the steering. The boatman, Mr. Swain, Mr. Feltham, and one of the Riley boys handled the oars; while the two ladies and the youngest boy sat in the stern. The wind, as has been intimated, was against them; and though all four were experienced rowers, it was nearly three hours before the keel grated on the sand of the island.

"What shall we do?" asked Captain Riley, when the party had all assembled on the beach. "It is now nearly one o'clock. Shall we make our déjeûner before visiting the cave, or after it? At what time ought

we to leave the island again, boatman?"

"Well, sir, ye oughtn't to be later than three o'clock, or four anyhow. We'll have the wind with us, to be sure. But it will be two hours good to row back, and it's dark by six or so."

"Yes, and there is no moon," said Mr. Feltham, "and these clouds will prevent the stars from giving the least twinkling of light. We mustn't leave later than three, Captain, that is my judgment." He glanced anxiously at Miss Vesey as he spoke, who coloured slightly as she noticed the direction of his look.

"You are right, I think," said the captain; "well, then our best course will be to take our lunch at once, and then leave O'Keefe to pack the hampers again and get the boat ready, while we explore the cave."

All parties consenting to this arrangement, the viands were produced, and a somewhat hasty meal partaken of, as it was plain that, hurry as they might, they would have only just time to see the wonders of the place before the time of re-embarking. Luncheon over, the tourists hurried in through the doorway of the cave, grand and vast as the chancel arch of some Gothic temple, and the attention of all was soon absorbed in the strange spectacle presented to their view. interior did not greatly differ from the larger specimens of basaltic caverns wherewith the group of islands off the north coast of Ireland abound: but the sight was new to all but Captain Riley and his niece, and they were never weary of its beauties. As if to compensate for his previous neglect, the sun struggled for a few minutes through a rift in the clouds, and poured his rays directly through the arched entrance, revealing the marvels which had hitherto been only partially visible. The pavement beneath their feet consisted of slabs of stone, which seemed to be the bases of broken columns, and which the action of the waters had worn smooth. The sides were composed of shafts of basalt, rising regularly side by side, as evenly adjusted as human art could have effected, up to a height of thirty feet, and then bending inwards until they met and were lost in the rook above. Between the ribs of the roof, stalactites of every shape and hue were pendent-purple and black, orange, green, and yellow, exhibiting all the richness of an illuminated Gothic ceiling: while below, in those places underneath the waters' which the rays of the sun could reach, a variegated pavement of like colours might be discerned. In one corner Miss Vesey's quick eve discovered some projections one above another, somewhat resembling a rude flight of steps, which she at once declared to be the stairs, by which Roderick Morven, the traditionary hero of the cave, had been wont to ascend to his castle. But on attempting to follow them upwards, it was found that they led to nothing but a dark hollow in the rock, which was situated beneath high-water mark, and could never have been used as a place of abode.

It was long before the party could tear themselves from a spectacle so entrancing. The lovers in particular lingered over its beauties, their admiration quickened by the sympathy which united them; and they might have remained, no one could say how much longer, had not the sun withdrawn himself almost as suddenly as he had appeared, and broken the spell by which they were bound. As if by one consent, the whole party moved to the mouth of

the cave to prepare for their return.

The tide had turned during their absence, but had not as yet overflowed the sandy beach. There was ample time for them to return before the hour fixed by Mr. Sulivan, but the boat was nowhere to be seen.

There was the rude pier, composed of large masses of stone heaped on one another, at which they had landed and to which the boat had been left moored: and some fragments of broken glass showed that Corny O'Keefe had not been very careful in his packing. But of the boat itself there was no trace.

"The man must have gone round to the other side of the island," said Mr. Feltham. "I daresay there is

a better landing place there."

The captain, whose face had expressed anxiety and alarm, caught instantly at the suggestion, and began scrambling over the masses of stone which intercepted the horizon in that direction, followed by Mr. Feltham and Harry Riley. Presently they caught sight of the boat, which had drifted to the distance of a quarter of a mile, and was still hurrying along towards a distant promontory, while the figure of O'Keefe appeared seated in the bow.

"Hallo, Corny," sang out Mr. Feltham, putting his hands to his mouth to make the sound travel further; "put your boat in; we are ready now." "What can be the matter with the fellow?" he added a minute or two afterwards; "he must hear surely, yet he

doesn't seem to pay the slightest heed."

"There is no doubt what is the matter, I am afraid," said Captain Riley, who had been examining him through his telescope. "He has been drinking the whisky, and is helplessly drunk. I feared something of the kind, when I saw the broken bottles at the landing-place. Let us hail him all together. Perhaps we may make noise enough to wake him up." All three shouted at the top of their voices, and were evidently heard by the boatman. He rose for a moment, and stared stupidly round him: but the next he sank back in the bows. He was clearly incapable of managing the boat.

"Can't some one swim out to him?" suggested Harry Riley. "I would, but unluckily I can't swim above half a dozen strokes."

"I can't swim at all," said Mr. Feltham. "But Swain is a good swimmer. I'll go and call him."

"It will be of no use, I am afraid," said Captain Riley; "the boat is drifting too fast for him to catch it. But go and ask him. It's worth the trial."

Mr. Swain was fetched, but the moment he saw the

boat he declared the attempt hopeless.

"I don't mind the risk," he said. "But I could no more overtake her than I could a race-horse. She is half a mile off already, and driving faster than I could swim."

"I feared as much," observed the captain, quietly, but in a tone which thrilled through the hearts of his hearers. "Then Feltham, Swain, we must prepare ourselves and the others to meet our fate as bravely as we can."

"Meet our fate!" exclaimed the young men. "You can't mean that we shall be drowned!" added Mr. Swain. "We can make signals of distress—some boat may come by—we can climb the rock above the reach of the tide——"

"I have thought of all that," returned the captain, with the same terrible calmness as before. "But it is all useless. We are much too far from land for signals to be seen, unless we could light a fire, but we have no means of doing that. The fishing-boats do not come out nearly as far as this, and when the wind is in this quarter they do not leave harbour at all. The sides of the island are everywhere as steep as a wall, and as hard as adamant. The most practised cragsman alive could not climb them."

"But there may be some path to the top, inside or out, which has escaped our notice," exclaimed Mr. Falsham. "Let us at least make a careful search

before we yield up our own lives and the lives that are dearer than our own."

"Certainly; and we will do so before telling the others what our situation is. Be sure I will exert myself to the utmost, and to the last, for your sake and my own. I spoke to warn, not to discourage you."

Feltham wrung his hand in silence. He was a goodhearted young man, and had an Englishman's courage. Moreover the thought that Emma Vesey would share his fate, whatever it might be, sent a thrill through his frame, as it occurred to him, and redoubled his resolution to find some mode of deliverance. As for Mr. Swain—light-hearted and careless as he ordinarily was—he appeared to have become on a sudden a grave and thoughtful man, and declared his readiness to obey Captain Riley's orders, whatever they might be.

Obeying the senior officer's directions, they first made a close examination of the wall of basalt which ran round the whole island, in the hope of finding some crevice in the rock, by which a daring climber might ascend to a point above high-water level, and draw up his companions after him. But it seemed as though Nature had been aware that her work would be so scrutinized, and was resolved that no flaw, however slight, should be detected in it. The columns were everywhere as upright and smooth as if human art had been employed in their erection. At its lowest point the precipice was fully twenty feet high, and so exactly vertical, that a plummet dropped from the top, would have fallen, to a nicety, at its base.

"Couldn't we reach the top by climbing on each other's backs?" suggested Mr. Swain; "I have seen

jugglers at a show perform a feat as difficult."

"We will try, at all events," returned Captain Riley, and the attempt was immediately made. Feltham and Swain threw off their shoes and mounted one after the

other on the captain's shoulders, the latter grasping tightly the shaft of one of the pillars. moment the ladies, who had grown uneasy at the length of time during which their companions had been absent, came hurrying up, and a glance revealed to them all that the others had been so anxious to conceal. was however no time for explanation; Captain Riley called to them to help him, if they could, in supporting the weight which his strong shoulders could scarcely endure. Mr. Feltham had succeeded in planting himself firmly, Mr. Swain, a first-rate climber, had in his turn mounted on Feltham's shoulders, and his head was scarcely more than four feet from the summit of the columns. It was certainly possible that young Riley, if he too should succeed in mounting the human ladder, might struggle on to the platform above.

"God bless you, my boy," said his father. "Be cool and wary; all our lives depend on you. Harriet, Emma, put your shoulders under my armpits; Charlie, help your brother up. Now then, quickly, but quietly."

The boy obeyed. With Charlie's help, he scrambled on his father's shoulders; thence swarmed up Mr. Feltham's back, who had a firm enough gripe on the columns to retain his position steadily. "Well done, Harry," said Mr. Swain, encouragingly; "give me your hand. Now your foot on Feltham's shoulder. Capital! Now swarm up my back as you did Feltham's. One minute more, and you are on the top."

But at that moment Captain Riley's voice was heard. "You must be quick—quick! I cannot support the weight a moment more." Harry made a desperate effort. He sprang up Mr. Swain's back, and mounted to his shoulder. In another instant he would have grasped the ledge of rock above. But it was too late. The captain tottered and fell on his knee, and all four ranne to the ground together, bruised and bleeding.

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"It is of no use," said Captain Riley, when he had recovered from his temporary faintness. "I could not support the weight again for nearly as long, and Harry is too much hurt to be able to climb."

"Oh, my husband, my husband!" cried Mrs. Riley, throwing herself into his arms; "is there no hope? Must we die, and our boys too, in this fearful manner?

Can you think of nothing to save us?"

"Of nothing, I am afraid. But be calm, Harriet; we must all die when God pleases, and He at least permits us to die together. See there," he continued, pointing to the place where Emma and her lover were clinging together in an agony of grief; "God is merciful to them also. Let us all kneel down and call on Him for help and forgiveness."

All complied without demur, joining in reverently, while the old sailor offered up the Lord's Prayer, and a few simple words of his own, entreating strength and guidance in their present strait. Then they rose from their knees, and looked mournfully in each other's faces, as prisoners might do who had been condemned to death, and were awaiting the summons to execution.

Suddenly Miss Vesey broke the silence.

"Uncle, if you could have supported the weight just now, Harry would have reached the top. There are heaps of stones lying yonder; couldn't we raise a pile of them as high as your shoulders, on which

Ernest and Mr. Swain might stand?"

"Bless you, my darling," exclaimed her uncle, "how strange that we none of us thought of that before. We will begin it this moment. It is only just five o'clock, and it is not high tide till nine. If the daylight lasts we may certainly do it."

The whole party instantly set to work with the energy of hope renewed. The stones were found to be extremely heavy, and the most powerful of the party could hardly lift the lightest of them. But despair gave them preternatural strength. Stone after stone was carried and laid at a distance of about two feet from the rock, while the ladies dug up the sand with two of the dinner-plates, which O'Keefe in his drunken carelessness had left on the shore, and filled up the space between the wall and the precipice. it took nearly ten minutes to fetch each separate stone and raise it to its proper place. In spite of their most strenuous exertions the building, after an hour's labour, was scarcely four feet high. The tide had risen considerably, but there still remained a strip of sand which would probably not be submerged for half an hour at least, and even then they might persist until the water rose above their knees.

"Work away, my hearts," said the captain, affecting a hopefulness he was far from feeling. "Two feet more, and you may safely make the attempt again."

They continued their efforts with redoubled energy, but alas, the daylight now began to fail. As the sun went down, the clouds had gathered more thickly, and the whole sky was now overspread with them. Presently they could distinguish the place where the wall was building, only by Miss Vesey's white dress: and soon even this could not be discerned. ladies were obliged to direct the stone carriers by calling out to them, or they would have gone in a wrong direction. Deeper and deeper grew the gloom, and now a sea fog came creeping over the water, and enveloped them in its folds; and then the darkness became so dense that no one of the party could distinguish his neighbour's face. For awhile the gentlemen still persisted in their endeavours to bring more stone, but they were continually striking against the face of the precipice, or falling over fragments of rock, or plunging up to their knees in the pools of water with which the whole shore was now covered. At last they desisted in utter despair. Silently, as if by common consent, they mounted together the pile of stones, now about five feet in height, and crowding close together for mutual warmth and support, prepared to meet their inevitable doom. No one even proposed to renew the attempt to scale the heights above them. Even if their wall had been a foot higher, they knew that, wet, bruised, and exhausted as they were, and surrounded by the impenetrable shroud of darkness, the attempt would have been hopeless. As it was, it would be simply to throw away their lives an hour or two sooner than they would otherwise be called on to surrender them.

"Is there really no hope?" asked Mrs. Riley, in a low trembling tone. "Is it quite certain that the tide

will rise higher?"

"There is no hope, Harriet," said her husband. "We must not deceive ourselves. Mr. Sulivan told me that at these high tides the top of the island was not more than seven feet out of water. Resign yourself to the will of God. He will soon take us to Himself."

"Oh, for one hour—one half hour more—of daylight," groaned Mr. Feltham, "and all our lives might have been saved! This dark evening and this terrible sea fog have been our destruction. It was impossible

to work any longer!"

They relapsed again into silence. The lovers, folded in a close embrace, seemed to have forgotten everything but each other's presence. The only sounds which broke on the ear, through the pauses of the wind, were the lapping of the water against the rock, and the sobs of the mother, as she clung to her children with a grasp which death itself would scarcely be able to unlock.

Meanwhile the boat in which O'Keefe was lying

had been carried round the promontory, and at length attracted the attention of Mr. Sulivan, who was riding home by the seashore. He noticed that she was driving helplessly before the wind, with the sail flapping loosely, and no one apparently on board of her. rode instantly to the village, and ordering the boatmen to launch the six-oared galley went himself in pursuit of her. It was a long chase, and the dusk was setting in before they overtook her. But the moment that the figure of Corny was perceived, lying in a drunken stupor at the foot of the mast, Mr. Sulivan understood what had happened. Putting a man on board to look after O'Keefe, he turned his own boat's head in the direction of Morven's Castle, and bade the men row for the island at the utmost speed they could command, for the lives of Captain Riley and all his party would depend on their exertions. The boatmen complied, and for the next hour rapid way was made. They had approached the goal for which they were bound within half a mile, and Mr. Sulivan was rejoicing in the certainty of arriving in time to save his English friends, when the fatal sea fog began to creep over the waves, obliging them to proceed more slowly and cautiously every moment, or they would be in danger of missing the island altogether. Total darkness at length came on, and the most experienced boatmen could not discern any object which was twenty feet distant from them.

"It's no use, Mr. Sulivan," said Will Kinahan, who was rowing the stroke-oar, after half an hour's vain attempts to reach the island. "We're likely to get farther off, rather than nearer to them, if we go on rowing. We'd best give them a shout. Maybe they'd hear us, and shout back: and then we'll find out whereabouts they are."

The crew accordingly rested on their oars, and

shouted with all the power of their voices, repeating the hallo again and again, at intervals of two or three minutes. For a long time there was no response. last a feeble cry was heard out of the darkness, a hand for a moment grasped the gunwale, and Kinahan leaning forward, dragged a man into the boat, whom Mr. Sulivan with difficulty recognised as Mr. Swain. He was for some time too exhausted to speak, and when at length he was sufficiently restored to give information respecting his companions, his first words assured them that further search would be useless. His mournful tale was soon told. The whole party had clung together on their platform of rock until the waves had risen above their knees; and then overpowered by cold and fatigue, they had dropped off, one by one, and had been swept away by the waters. Mr. Swain himself, a powerful swimmer, as the reader has already learned, had remained until the last of his companions had disappeared, and then made a desperate attempt to reach the mouth of the cave, at which point he fancied it still possible that the summit of the rock might be reached. While battling with the billows, he had heard the shout of the boatmen at the distance of a few hundred feet, and expended the last remains of his strength in struggling in the direction of the cry.

Mr. Swain was conveyed on shore and consigned to his bed, from which he rose again six weeks afterwards, a man so changed that his most intimate friends failed at first to recognise him. His first inquiries were for his late fellow-voyagers. He learned that the bodies of all six had been recovered, one after another, thrown up on different parts of the shore. The lovers had been found locked in each other's embrace, and had been consigned to the same grave in the little churchyard of Kildarg. Mrs. Riley and

her youngest boy had also clung together, and it was with difficulty that the bodies could be parted from one another. They also, together with Captain Riley and his eldest son, were consigned by Mr. Sulivan to the grave. As for O'Keefe, the offence he had com mitted was one for which he was not amenable to the law; but the reproaches of his own conscience were a severer punishment than any which the law could have inflicted. Unable to face the scene of his misdeed, he enlisted in a regiment of the line, and was killed, not many months afterwards, at Quatre Bras.

Mr. Swain quitted the navy, and took orders in the Church of England. He did not live many years. His constitution had received a shock from which it never recovered, and he died at nine-and-twenty, of But the few years allowed him on earth decline. were passed in a continued round of laborious work. which contrasted strangely with his former indolence of character. "Do not talk to me of overwork," he was wont to say to those who remonstrated with him respecting the incessant toil which was evidently wearing his life away; "I must work while it is called to-day, and have learned, as few men have learned, If you had had my experience, the true value of time. there would be one text at least which would never be out of your mind. 'The night cometh when no man can work."





## THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

" go son

ELL, Westwood, if you are determined to go, there is an end to it; but you will be sorry for it."

"I certainly shall go. I am not going to tell Wilby, after accepting his invitation; that I am such a booby as not to be able to take care of myself."

"Nobody said you could not do that. I have only warned you that Hunt will be at Wilby's, as well as Lexington and Ponsford. They all play high, and Hunt is a very doubtful character."

"What do you know against his character, Arthur?"

"That he can't pay his debts, and has a bad name. A friend, on whom I can rely, told me that at the County Races no one would bet with him."

"Hunt told me about that. He was reported as having been a defaulter the year before. But that

was proved to be a falsehood."

"Î never heard that it was proved. At all events he is a mere adventurer, whom no one in Welton knows anything of."

"You are wrong again; Ponsford knew him before

he came here."

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"Ponsford only met him at a party in London. He knows nothing of his antecedents; Ponsford told me so himself."

"Well, it is of no use talking. I have agreed to go to Wilby's, and go I shall. I can keep Hunt at a distance, if I see reason for doing so, easily enough."

"I hope you may find it easy, Richard. We are old schoolfellows, and I promised your father that I would always do what I could to help you, otherwise I should not interfere."

"Much obliged, I am sure. It is lucky I have so wise a Mentor, considering my youth and inexperience. I shall write to my father, and tell him he may henceforth dismiss all anxiety on my account."

"You need not be insolent at any rate," said Harton, reddening at the other's tone. "If my advice is unwelcome, I shall not offer it again." He took up his hat

as he spoke, and left his friend's office.

Richard Westwood's father was a colonel in the East India Company's service, and he had sent his boy to England some twelve years previously to the date of this story, in company with Arthur Harton, the son of a brother officer. They had been placed at a public school together-Harton, who was the elder and stronger, taking Westwood under his protection during their school days. At the age of eighteen Westwood was placed with a civil engineer, while Harton went up to London to walk the hospitals. After the usual period of pupilage, Westwood set up on his own account in the town of Welton; and had already, at the outset of this story, obtained a fair amount of business. He had also been recently accepted as a suitor by Miss Hanley, the only daughter of a retired merchant, residing near Welton—a man of large fortune, and high though stern character. In fact, Richard Westwood was generally looked upon as an unusually prosperous young man. It had been an additional source of satisfaction to him, when Arthur Harton came to reside in Welton as the partner of the leading medical man in the place. The friendship, which had been interrupted by a separation of six years, was now resumed, as it seemed, with all the old cordiality. But after a while both parties began to discover that their relations to each other were somewhat changed. Harton. who continued to regard his old schoolfellow as being still in some sort his pupil and protégé, was occasionally vexed at finding his advice disregarded; while Westwood was disposed to view his quondam protector's patronage as needless and out of place. These feelings grew keener on both sides, when a young man, of about the same age as themselves, named John Hunt, came to live in Welton. He was a pleasant companion, well-mannered and fond of amusements—just the person to be popular with young men who did not trouble themselves much as to his previous history. He had struck up a close intimacy with the young engineer, much to the annoyance of Harton, who had always disliked him; and there had been more than once angry interviews between the friends respecting him. The reader will not be surprised to hear that Westwood persisted in attending Wilby's party; and sate down to whist against Messrs. Lexington and Ponsford, with Hunt for his partner. But his demeanour was changed when he left his host's door at three in the morning, and walked homewards with his newmade friend.

"I am afraid you have been unlucky," said the latter, hesitatingly, as they reached Mr. Westwood's door. "It was no fault of mine, nor of yours either. I never saw cards so unfortunate. Excuse me if I seem impertinent, but I hope this will not in any way embarrass you."

Westwood did not answer immediately. He looked doubtfully at his companion for a minute or two, and then said, "You have been equally unfortunate yourself, if I don't mistake. We played together every game—did we not?"

"All but the first, which I won. But I have lost eighty pounds. And I am afraid your loss can't be

under a hundred."

"Rather more, I'm afraid. I suppose—I suppose

Ponsford will expect to be paid at once."

"Yes, he is just the kind of a fellow to make a fuss if he were not. He wouldn't consider that a man might be quite solvent, and yet not have such a sum as that at his banker's. But can I be of any service to you? I should be glad to help you in any way in my power."

"Could you lend me the money for three or four days?" said Westwood. "To say the truth, I shall be obliged to apply to my father, and shall not get his answer till Friday, at earliest. He will lend it me I know, and in another month I should have the money

coming in."

"Should you? Then I wouldn't apply to him at all. Look here; draw a bill for a hundred at three months. I will accept it, and get you the money. I know a fellow who will cash any bill backed by me for a mere trifle. No thanks, pray," he added, as he saw the other was about to speak. "I shouldn't offer this, you may be sure, if I didn't know that your name was as good as the bank."

"Are you sure you could manage it without inconvenience?" said Westwood, much relieved at the notion of not having to apply to his father, yet hardly liking to be indebted to a comparative stranger.

"Quite sure," was the answer. "Here, we can go in and do it now. No, we can't though! I haven't a

bill-stamp with me; but I'll come to-morrow after breakfast, and bring the bill with me ready drawn. Who is that?" he added, as a dog-cart drove by with a gentleman and his servant seated in it. "Any one you know, eh?"

"An old acquaintance, that's all," muttered Westwood. "Many thanks, Hunt, for your kindness; good-night." He shook hands rather hurriedly with his companion, and they parted.

The old acquaintance was Arthur Harton, who was returning from a late visit to a patient, and had recognised Westwood and Hunt as he drove by. Some more particulars relative to the latter had come to his knowledge in the course of the day: and he resolved that he would make another effort on the following morning to rescue his friend from his entanglement with a man, whose character, he was convinced, would not bear inquiry. Immediately after dismissing his morning patients therefore, he went down to Westwood's office. The outer door was open, and Harton rapped with his knuckles for admission. answer was returned, and Harton, supposing the young man to be in the further room, turned the handle and entered. The glass door of the passage leading to the inner office stood open, and Harton passed through it. Failing to find his man as he had expected, he sate down to wait for him, and took up the newspaper. A quarter of an hour passed, and Westwood did not return. Harton could remain no longer. He took up his hat to go, intending to try again in the afternoon. But at that moment he heard the sound of Westwood's voice in conversation with some one in the outer office. Stepping up to the glass door, he looked through it. Mr. Westwood was seated with his back to him, engaged in writing his name to some paper, which he handed to Hunt as soon as his signature was affixed. Hunt took up the pen—wrote his own name, "J. Hunt," across the paper, and then placed it

in his pocket-book.

"I will bring you the money in the course of the day," he said. "I have seen Weidemann this morning, and he has promised to let me have it by twelve o'clock, so that I shall probably be back in an hour. Good morning for the present."

"A great many thanks," said Westwood, shaking Hunt's hand warmly. "You have relieved me from a great deal of annoyance. I will do as much for you,

if you ever need it, you may be certain."

Harton waited till the door had closed behind Mr. Hunt, and then entered the office. Westwood started up in surprise as he heard the lock turn: and the look which came over his face when he saw who his unexpected visitor was, showed that the surprise was not an agreeable one.

"You here, Harton? How and when did you

enter?"

"How? by your front door. When? a quarter of an hour or so ago," returned Harton, somewhat shortly, for the tone of his friend's voice did not please him.

"Indeed! a quarter of an hour ago? And where have you been all this time, then, and what have you

been doing?"

"In your inner office, waiting for you to come in, and reading the *Times* newspaper, if you wish to know so particularly," answered Harton—"that is, I was doing so until within the last five minutes, when I heard your voice, and came into the passage there."

"The passage there! Why did you not come in?"

"Because, Westwood, I saw you were engaged—engaged with a man, whose acquaintance I don't desire to cultivate. But come, Richard, don't let us quarrel. My only object is to serve you. I came

here to advise you—to do more than advise—to implore you to have nothing to do with Hunt. I am afraid from what I saw——"

"What right had you to see anything? But as you did choose to watch my actions, I insist on knowing

exactly what you did see."

Harton's colour rose. He was a hot-tempered man, and the tone of his companion was one he found it difficult to endure. Nevertheless, he put constraint on himself and answered with tolerable calmness—

"I saw you sign your name, I am sorry to say, to a bill of Hunt's, which, I suppose, was for your joint benefit. I saw him also write his acceptance across it. I was near enough to be able to distinguish that it was for a hundred pounds, and drawn in favour of some man with a three-syllabled name—a German one, I think. There, now I have told you exactly what I saw, and hope you will listen to me——"

"I have heard more than I like already. I don't know what right you have to take this tone with me,"

broke in Westwood.

"What right, Westwood? Am I to let you be taken in by a swindler without warning you? Am I to see your name used to raise money for his benefit?"

"You are utterly mistaken, Harton. He is no more a swindler than you are yourself! He was not using my name to raise money for his benefit. He is as honourable as you are, any day."

"Honourable men don't dirty their hands with such transactions as he does," said Harton, who was fast

growing angry.

"Honourable men don't play the spy on their friends," retorted the other, whose passion was roused at least as much as that of his companion.

"What do you mean by that, Westwood?" burst out Harton, stepping forward with a menacing gesture.

"What I say!" returned Westwood, folding his arms and looking his adversary full in the face.

"Do you mean to call me a spy?"

"On this occasion, yes."

"I have as good a mind to lay my cane across your

back, as ever I had to do anything!"

"Lay your cane across my back! I should like to see you do it. Come, leave this room, and don't enter it again till I ask you."

"I will go at once," said Arthur, mastering his passion by a great effort, "and shall not interfere in your affairs again, you may be sure. But after all, we are old friends, and need not quarrel. Shake hands before we part."

But Westwood's anger had not yet begun to subside,

and he made no answer to this overture.

"Shake hands," pursued Harton. "I didn't tell you, but I expect to leave Welton—to leave England in fact, in a few weeks. We might not, perhaps, meet again."

Westwood still made no sign of yielding, and Harton's

temper again got the upper hand of him.

"Very well. Remember, you have refused my hand. I don't offer that twice. Until you beg my pardon, and ask me to be friends again, I decline all intercourse."

"I am not very likely to do that," said Westwood, with a proud smile, as he saw Harton stalk to the door, and slam it angrily after him. "When I humble myself in that way to him I'll give him leave to trample on me as much as he pleases." But regret was mixed with his anger, nevertheless. Perhaps, if Harton had returned half an hour afterwards, he would have found his old schoolfellow in a more placable mood. But he was too proud to do this, and the quarrel soon grew into a confirmed estrangement. Time went on: the rumour of Harton's Australian

appointment, and his departure in the course of another two months, spread through Welton, and reached Westwood's ears. But neither of the two could now overcome his pride sufficiently to make the first advances. At length, Harton, deeply offended, packed up his effects, took leave of his patients and friends in Welton, and set out for London, on his way to Australia, without having exchanged a syllable with his former friend.

Three or four days had elapsed since Harton's departure, when Westwood was startled by a strange and unexpected visitor. He was busy in his office, his clerk fortunately being absent, when there came a knock at the door, and a man respectably, though somewhat pretentiously dressed, presented himself. He took a chair unasked, and opened the conversation with an air of familiarity which secretly roused Westwood's ire.

"Mr. Richard Westwood, I think?" he said.

Westwood slightly bowed his head.

"I have a bill drawn by you, which fell due on the 12th of this month; here it is." And he drew forth, as

he spoke, the well-remembered document.

"It is quite right," said Westwood. "I expected you to have called a fortnight ago. I have the money by me." He unlocked a drawer as he spoke, and handed two banknotes of fifty pounds each to the stranger. "Be good enough to pass the bill over to me."

"Stop a moment," said the other, examining the notes with a look of surprise. "You have only given

me a hundred pounds. The bill is for four."

"Four hundred pounds! You are dreaming. I never signed but one bill, and that was for a hundred pounds. Let me see it." He reached out his hand for the bill as he spoke.

"Gently, sir," said the man, quietly but firmly.

"You may see the signature and the amount if you like, but it does not leave my hand."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Westwood, hotly.

"What I say, sir. Here is a bill with your name for four hundred pounds, for which I, James Patten, have given due value. You don't expect, I suppose, that I am going to take one-fourth of the amount?"

"I don't expect anything about it," said Westwood. "I gave a bill for one hundred pounds, and I received a hundred pounds, that is, less discount. I shall pay what I engaged for-one hundred pounds, and no more."

"I am to fall back on the acceptor, then?" asked

Patten.

Westwood reflected a moment. Hunt had left Welton two or three weeks after the party at Mr. Wilby's, and had not been heard of since. But it would be necessary to find him in order to clear up the mystery.

"I have not seen the acceptor for a long time," he said at last. "And even if he could be found, I am sure he would refuse payment as decidedly as I do."

"And I'm sure he wouldn't," was the answer. know where to find him, and his is as good a name as any in the country. If he hadn't backed the bill, I wouldn't have given twenty pounds for it.

morning."

He rose and departed, leaving Westwood in a very uneasy frame of mind; which was much increased when, two hours afterwards, a messenger arrived with a note from Mr. Hanley, his future father-in-law, desiring his presence on a subject which required immediate and most serious attention.

"Harton can't have been setting him, or Blanche, against me, I suppose," he muttered to himself as he mounted his horse. "He called there on Monday, I know: and I really think he is capable of it. And surely," he added in dismay, as a new idea suddenly occurred to him, "surely this fellow, Patten, can't have taken the bill to Hanley!"

The idea seemed so improbable that he dismissed it the next moment. He rode fast, for his anxiety increased every moment—and soon reached Mr. Hanley's house. He was not ushered into the drawing-room, as usual; but into the merchant's study, and the latter bolted the door the moment he had entered.

"Richard," he said, unlocking a drawer and drawing

forth a paper, "is that your handwriting?"

"Yes," said Westwood, "I was in want of money three months ago, and put my name to a bill, which I am quite ready to pay. Surely, Mr. Hanley, there is no cause for taking the thing in this manner—"

He broke off as he spoke, for he saw Mr. Hanley's eye fixed on him with an expression of indignation and disgust which alike astonished and confounded him.

"No cause, sir!" said the merchant, after a pause of surprise as great apparently as his own. "Do you know what the penalty of forgery is?"

"Forgery!" exclaimed Westwood, starting from his

chair.

"Forgery," repeated Mr. Hanley, calmly. "My

acceptance of this bill is a forgery."

"Your acceptance!" cried the young man. "It was John Hunt who accepted it. I saw him write his

acceptance myself!"

"Look here, sir," said the other, sternly holding up the paper as he spoke; "is that Hunt, or Hanley? I have paid the bill, Mr. Westwood. I did not choose that the scoundrel who presumed to-day, for the first and last time in his life, to present himself in my house, should have the opportunity of taking me into a court of law, and associating his name in any way with mine."

Scarcely realizing the meaning of the elder gentleman's words, Richard leaned forward and examined the document closely. He saw, however, in a moment what had been done. The word "one" had been altered to "four" so skilfully that it was impossible to point out the forgery. The "n" had been so written in the first instance as to look exactly like an "u"; the "e" had no loop to it, so that a slight stroke at the top transformed it into an "r"; an "F" had been inserted before the "our"; and the figure "I" which had been placed intentionally at some distance from the first cipher, was easily converted into a "4." Similarly, "J. Hunt" had become by a few skilful strokes of the pen "Jas. Hanley." It was plain that the fraud was of Hunt's own devising, and not of any subsequent forger, as the stamp, which Westwood had omitted examining at the time of the signature, was not for one, but for five hundred pounds.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Hanley, as he looked with a piercing eye on Richard's face, which exhibited plainly his mortification and dismay, and seemed so like guilt, that any one might be pardoned for the mistake—"I have no wish to protract your suffering. Of course all idea of connexion with my family is at an end. But I grieve to add, that I shall feel it to be a public duty under the circumstances to prosecute you for the

forgery."

He was rising to leave the room, when Richard threw himself on his knees before him.

"Hear me, Mr. Hanley. I am wholly innocent of this."

Mr. Hanley stopped, and looked gravely at him.

"The bill was drawn by Hunt, John Hunt. He drew it for one hundred only, and must afterwards have altered it to four. He wrote his name 'J. Hunt,'

and altered that also to Jas. Hanley. I knew nothing of it till this afternoon,—indeed I did not!"

"Who is John Hunt, and where is he to be found?"

"I don't know where he comes from, or where he

has gone to."

"But he must have friends—connexions of some kind. You would not surely mix yourself, in money affairs of this magnitude, with a man of whose respectability you know nothing. Impossible! Give me the necessary information, and I will make inquiry. I will not condemn you unheard. But I must insist on clear, positive proof."

"I can tell you nothing about him," said Westwood,

dejectedly.

"Nor produce any proof of the truth of your story?"

Richard hung his head. He was too much depressed, even to resent this imputation on his truthfulness.

"Mr. Westwood, I must wish you good evening," said the merchant, rising and ringing the bell. "If you can bring any trustworthy evidence to support your statement, I shall not refuse to listen to it: and I will give you a week to do so, before commencing proceedings. Candidly, as matters stand, I cannot credit

vour story."

Westwood saw that further persistence was useless, and returned sadly to his home. Ruin and disgrace stared him in the face. Hunt was evidently a mere swindler, who had probably passed under a feigned name—at all events who would take care to keep safe out of the way. It was next to impossible that he could succeed in producing him; nor would he of course admit his own knavery, of which there was no evidence. "Oh! Arthur, Arthur!" groaned Richard, sinking back in his chair, "you warned me against this scoundrel! Why did not I take your advice?"

Suddenly he sprang up again; a thought had struck him.

"Arthur Harton! Why, he saw Hunt endorse the bill, and noticed that it was only for one hundred pounds! He told me so. I remember it quite well. And Hanley will believe him, for they were great friends. If I can only catch him—if the ship has not sailed——"

In five minutes he was hurrying up to the station, and in ten minutes he had taken his seat in the express for London. The moment he reached the terminus, he drove off in a cab to the Docks. The City of Melbourne, he learned, left London the day before, but had not sailed from Gravesend. She was to weigh anchor at

daybreak on the following morning.

Without a moment's pause Westwood drove to the London Bridge Station, and took the next train for Gravesend, which he reached about four in the morning. The City of Melbourne was already getting up her steam, and the passengers hurrying on board. Richard ran up the steps of the hotel, ascertained that a gentleman named Harton was staying there, and sent up his card. After a few minutes' delay the waiter returned. "Mr. Harton was just going on board, and had no leisure to see any one."

"Go to him again; waiter, I must see him. I must,

I tell you!" exclaimed Westwood.

"It is of no use, sir," said the waiter. "He looked at your card and muttered something about its being too late, and an intrusion. I'll try again if you wish it," he added, as he slipped the guinea Richard offered him nto his pocket—"I'll try, but I am afraid it will be of no use."

As he spoke, Harton appeared at the top of the stairs on his way to the wharf.

"Mr. Westwood," he said, as he saw his quondam

companion press forward to stop him, "I must decline seeing you. You have repeatedly rejected my offers of reconciliation, and circulated stories to my disadvantage. I don't know what you may want now, but whatsoever it may be, I cannot enter upon it——"

"But, Harton, I really must request—"

"It is of no use your requesting; my mind is made up."

"Harton, you will be sorry for this when you come

to know all, I assure you——"

"I am of a different opinion," said Harton, angrily "Stand out of my way, sir. I will not be stopped."

He pushed Westwood on one side, flinging him off with some force as the other endeavoured to cling to him, and stepped into the boat, which had already received his luggage.

Westwood paused for a moment in mingled despair and anger; but the instant afterwards he recollected himself, and rushing after Arthur, sprang into the

wherry as it was putting off from shore.

"Arthur, my old schoolfellow, my kind friend of so many years, forgive me, I implore you, though I know I don't deserve it. My honour, my character, my whole hopes in life, are at stake and depend on you!"

Harton looked greatly surprised and touched. He took the hand extended to him. "Come to my cabin, old fellow," he said, as soon as they reached the

deck, "and explain to me what this means."

Half an hour afterwards the two friends had been conveyed on shore, and were on their way to Welton. Harton's distinct and positive testimony to the facts alleged by Westwood satisfied Mr. Hanley, who again received his son-in-law elect into favour; and the unhappy bill was finally committed to the flames.

"It was a near thing indeed," thought Westwood, as he stood on the shore at Falmouth, and watched the City of Melbourne, as she steamed out of the harbour. "If Harton had refused to make it up, I suppose I should have been on my way to gaol at this moment, with the prospect of a year or two in Dartmoor prison! Well, this is a lesson not to quarrel with one's friend; or if one does, to make it up with him again as soon as possible!"

Ay, and there is a deeper and more solemn lesson, which we have all need to learn—to be careful to be reconciled to our brethren with whom we may have been offended, before they have passed away from this life, remembering the evidence they will one day give before the judgment seat of Christ—"to agree with our adversary quickly, while we are in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver us to the Judge, and the Judge deliver us to the officer, and we be cast into prison: nor thence come out, until we have paid the uttermost farthing."





## THE SWISS PEASANT.

N one of the small villages scattered here and there on the lower slopes of the Alps, dwelt Baptiste La Croix, with his wife and daughter Pauline. The date to which our

story relates, is the early part of the eighteenth century, long before tourists of all nations had begun to invade the Alpine valleys, and alloy, by the admixture of foreign manners, the pure simplicity of the inhabitants. The village, to which we will give the name of Charette, consisted of about twenty houses, with a small rustic church, and a curé's residence in the centre; each building being perched on some slight eminence, which secured it from the ordinary casualties of avalanche and flood. The peasantry clung to their hereditary usages and modes of thought, even in the most trifling instances, with a tenacity which might have provoked a smile, but for the simple-hearted piety of their lives. The special seasons of rejoicing or lamentation, the peculiar observances with which they celebrated the baptisms, the marriages, and the burial of the villagers, were repeated year after year, without the slightest variation in the details—a thing

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possible only in the instance of a people primitive, innocent, and almost wholly cut off from intercourse with the world around them.

Among the customs thus rigidly observed, was one which was believed to be peculiar to the inhabitants of Charette. It had been the practice, generations out of mind, for the maidens of the village to betroth themselves to their lovers at a large stone, bearing a rude resemblance to an altar, and known as the "Autel d'Amour," which stood some few yards only from the base of the great glacier. A tradition dating many centuries back. declared that a Swiss maiden had once obtained some great privileges for her native village, on the occasion of her plighting her faith at that spot to an Austrian nobleman, her suzerain, who had wooed her as his In memory of this, the girls of Charette after that time were wont to plight their faith to their future husbands at the consecrated stone; receiving always a certain gift of money from the nobleman's family. With the overthrow of the power of the Austrian nobility, the douceur of course ceased, but the custom itself had survived unaltered to the times of which we write. No maiden of Charette would have consented to exchange vows in the village church, which she had not previously rehearsed at the "Autel d'Amour;" and it may be doubted whether the curé himself would have agreed to perform the service, unless the preliminary ceremony had been duly observed.

Pauline La Croix, of whom mention has already been made, was considered to be the fairest maiden, not only in Charette, but in any of the neighbouring villages; and she was so gentle and modest in her bearing, that the other maidens of the district forgave her the universal homage which she received from the youth of the neighbourhood. Among these was be Pierre Renaud, a carpenter and carver in wood,

by trade, but withal one of the boldest and most, experienced cragsmen in all Switzerland. No one as vet had dreamed of the ascent of Mont Blanc, or any of the neighbouring eminences; but Pierre was well known for his daring feats on the Mer de Glace, which he had more than once traversed at times when the most daring of the hunters hesitated to follow him. In addition to these recommendations, he was tall and handsome, with blue eyes and light auburn hair; a sober and industrious man; and withal the best handicraftsman for miles round. It was therefore little wonder, that after a few months of courtship, Pauline La Croix accepted his suit; and it was understood that when St. Peter's day came round, the betrothal at the Autel was to take place, to be followed shortly afterwards by the marriage itself.

But late in the autumn of the year, two strangers, Frenchmen by birth, and brothers, made their appearance at Charette, and took up their temporary abode It was rumoured that they were men of good family, who had been obliged to fly their country for some political offence, and circumstances seemed to They were men of powerful confirm the rumour. frame, active and daring, and Julien, the elder of the two, soon began to attract attention by his feats among the mountain passes, in which he displayed extraordinary agility and courage. Jacques Colmar, the chamois hunter, whom he had several times accompanied on his expeditions, even went so far as to declare, that after a few months more of practice, he would become a formidable rival to the renowned Pierre Renaud himself.

The latter could ill brook this rivalry from a stranger and foreigner, whom on his arrival he had regarded with a true mountaineer's contempt. But he might have forgiven him this offence, if it had not been whispered in his ear that Julien Lobau was an aspirant for the favour, not only of the inhabitants of Charette. but of Pauline herself. In the first instance, he and his brother had taken up their abode at the village inn, where their purse, which seemed amply supplied, procured for them all the comforts attainable in a Swiss village. But after a few weeks they had moved their quarters, renting the spare room in Baptiste La Croix's châlet. Julien thus obtained the privilege of seeing Pauline every day of his life, and for as long as he pleased. It was true that no one but Pierre himself suspected that any feeling, except one of neighbourly goodwill, existed between Julien and Pauline. Renaud's jealous disposition was roused, and he gradually began to dislike, and soon afterwards to entertain a bitter enmity against the men.

At last, one day the fire which had been so long smouldering burst out into a blaze. It was late in the evening, and the cabaret of Robert le Blanc was filled with guests. Among others, Julien was present, in more than usually high spirits, which Renaud ascribed to the favour recently shown him by Pauline, in whose company he had just returned from a distant excursion. The conversation turned upon an Englishman, who had lost his life twelve months previously in an attempt to cross the large glacier immediately overhanging the village.

"He was a brave man," said Colmar, "but a fool to venture on the glacier, knowing so little as he did of our mountains. No one who has not been trained to it from his boyhood, should venture on the ice at

this season of the year."

"True," said Renaud, with a meaning glance at the foreign visitor; "no one but a Swiss mountaineer can tread without trembling a Swiss mountain. Some

may pretend otherwise, but it is naught but idle boasting."

The Frenchman glanced angrily at the speaker, showing that he understood the sarcasm, but he

vouchsafed no answer.

"Not that I mean to say that of Walter Trevor," continued Pierre. "He was a brave man, I allow, though no match for a free Switzer. None but an Englishman would have ventured to climb the Col de Géant, and carve his name on the rock as he did."

"Thou art unjust," broke in the younger Lobau, passionately. "My brother has as brave a heart in his bosom as any Englishman that ever lived!"

Renaud burst into a scornful laugh. "I will believe that," he said, "when I see his name graved by his own hand by the side of Trevor's. What, friends, do you not yet know this man?"

Julien started to his feet as he heard the words. "You do not know him, at all events," he said. "Hark you, peasant. Were we in France, and my equal had offered me the insults you have heaped upon me, for I know not how long, the sword had long ago settled the quarrel between us. This is not the custom of your country, and I forbear. But I now call upon you, if you are not yourself the coward you have dared to call me, to set out with the first break of day in my company; and your own eyes shall see me carve my name on the rock you speak of. Do you accept my challenge?"

"I do," replied Renaud, hotly; "and again I say, when I have seen the feat performed, I will believe in your courage to execute it." He rose as he spoke,

and left the cabaret.

Many efforts were made to dissuade Julien from undertaking the expedition thus insidiously suggested to him. It was pointed out that the time of the year at which Trevor had ascended the Col de Géant, was a much less dangerous one than the present, and that he had made himself acquainted with the vicinity of the spot before he ventured to attempt it. Finding the Frenchman immovable on the point, they next urged him to take Colmar or Denton, two of the most experienced hunters, with him. Henri Lobau also earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany his brother. But Julien would not listen to either suggestion. The Englishman had had but one guide, and he would have but one. Pierre Renaud should never be able to say that he had reached the summit by the help of others.

Finding his guest to be beyond the reach of reason, Baptiste urged him to return home with him at once, and take the necessary rest before setting out. His intention was to try whether Pauline's eloquence would not prove more persuasive than his own. But Lobau suspected his design, and baffled it by passing the night at the cabaret. Early next morning, according to agreement, the rivals set out, each provided with his Alpine staff, a flask of spirits, and a knapsack containing provisions: for at that time of the year hunters were frequently prevented from regaining their homes, and were obliged to bivouac in some mountain hut or cave, until the weather permitted their return.

Towards evening the cabaret was again filled with the villagers, anxiously expecting the reappearance of the adventurers. They waited in vain. Soon after sunset a snowstorm came on, which lasted with little intermission for two days. On the third morning a party, consisting of Henri Lobau, Colmar, and two other experienced hunters, was on the point of setting out in search of the missing men, when suddenly Pierre Renaud reappeared alone, looking pale and exhausted, and leaning for support on his staff. His first question was whether his companion had already returned. Being informed that nothing had been seen or heard of him since he had left Charette in Pierre's company, the latter expressed his apprehension that he must have perished in the storm. To further inquiries he seemed unable to return intelligible answers: but after some hours' rest and refreshment, he had recovered sufficiently to give some account of his adventure.

Lobau and he had proceeded, it appeared, without delay or difficulty until they had reached a small ruined châlet, which lay rather more than half-way up the Col de Géant. Here they had stopped awhile to take refreshment. While resting in the châlet, an angry dispute had arisen between them, on what subject Pierre declined to explain. The Frenchman was so far enraged as to strike his companion. scuffle ensued, in which Renaud was wounded in the leg, and so much injured as to be unable to attempt Hereupon Julien drew out his purse, contemptuously threw down the sum which he regarded as a sufficient compensation for Pierre's services, and replacing the purse in his pocket, left the châlet, with the intention, as Pierre understood, of accomplishing the ascent alone. Renaud would have returned home, notwithstanding the pain of his wound, but the snowstorm prevented him. The provisions in his knapsack had proved enough to sustain life, and that was all. If the storm had not ceased when it did, he would have been too much exhausted to reach the village.

Such was his tale. The search was renewed with increased diligence. Père Labarte himself, as the curé was called, headed the party; but not the slightest trace of the unhappy Frenchman could any-

where be found. It was ascertained that he had reached the summit of the Col de Géant, for his name was found freshly carved under that of Trevor the Englishman. But beyond this, nothing came to light. Some were of opinion that Lobau having become tired of his quarters, had simply departed elsewhere: others, that having been overtaken by the snowstorm while descending the mountain, he had been unable to extricate himself. But time passed on; the warm weather came; the snow melted on the lower slopes of the mountains: but no tidings were heard, and no trace was found of the unfortunate Frenchman.

As for Pierre Renaud, opinion was much divided about him. Henri Lobau openly accused him of having betrayed his brother to his death, if he had not slain him with his own hand. Several of the villagers, though not concurring in this latter opinion, thought the circumstances attending his disappearance so suspicious as to call for a public inquiry. Labarte concurring in this opinion, Renaud's châlet was searched, and himself subjected to a minute examination; which, however, left matters very much where they were before. Being required to account for his possession of some French money found in his house, Pierre replied that he had received it in payment of goods of his own manufacture sold at Geneva. When pressed again to explain his statement, that he was too much hurt to accompany Lobau, and yet would have returned home immediately but for the storm, he answered that loss of blood had brought on a faintness which rendered him for the time unable to move, but that this had passed off in an hour or so. When Henri indignantly declared he would never believe that his brother would have left him had he been in the state of weakness he described, Pierre

replied that he could not pretend to account for the Frenchman's actions. He was in a towering passion when he left him, and appeared to pay very little heed to anything. That was all he knew about the matter.

At the close of the inquiry, Père Labarte declared that the affair was mysterious and full of suspicion: but there seemed to him to be no sufficient grounds for assuming that M. Lobau's disappearance had been caused by treachery or violence; and still less for condemning Pierre Renaud as guilty of either. He could wish that a more satisfactory explanation had been given, but Renaud could not be convicted, and there-

fore ought to be regarded as acquitted.

This decision satisfied neither the partisans, nor the accusers of the suspected man. The former, among whom Baptiste La Croix was the most forward, complained loudly of its unfairness, and strongly urged Pierre to appeal to M. Granson, the judge of the district, to institute an inquiry before a formal tribunal, which would doubtless pronounce a verdict entirely acquitting him of blame. But Renaud's whole demeanour had undergone a change. The hardy, daring, somewhat boastful hunter had become the quietest man in the village. He shut himself up in his châlet, visiting nowhere but at Baptiste's house, and passing his time in working at the finer parts of his trade, with a skill and success never before displayed. caskets and cabinets of inlaid wood were soon in demand throughout the whole Canton, and the fame of them penetrated even as far as Lausanne and Chambery, where they fetched prices which promised speedily to make Pierre the richest man in the neighbourhood. In the second summer after the loss of the Frenchman, he began to build himself a new châlet, larger and more commodious than any in the village, -it was ornamented, inside and out, with carved work,

which commanded universal admiration; and furnished with articles, partly manufactured by himself, and partly purchased at Geneva. By this time the unfavourable impression had almost died out. His quiet unassuming life told insensibly in his favour, nor had anything been discovered to justify the suspicions originally fastened on him. Henri Lobau, who continued to reside in the village, still shook his head, and Père Labarte looked grave when Julien's name was mentioned. But the latter had admitted Pierre to communion; which, it was agreed, he would not have done had he not felt clear of his innocence; and the former was considered to be not unnaturally prejudiced against Renaud by his affection for his brother,

As soon as Pierre's house was fully completed, he again asked Pauline to become his wife. Their betrothal had been postponed at the time of Julien's disappearance, by the wish, understood rather than expressed, of both parties: nor had Renaud, notwithstanding his constant visits to Baptiste's house, recurred to the subject. Now, however, he resumed his suit. It was warmly supported by the old La Croix; nor did Pauline herself offer any opposition, though her consent was somewhat coldly given, as her father could

not help remarking.

"Thou wilt have the handsomest and cleverest husband, as well as the best house in the Canton, my daughter," he said. "Not a girl, from Brieg to Martigny, but would leap for joy at such a prospect."

"Think you so, my father?" replied Pauline. "I should scarce have thought so. I promised three years ago to marry Pierre, and can see no cause why I should change my mind; but had it been otherwise, and I had never promised——"

"What! thou wouldst not look coldly on him because of the calumnies, wherewith those who are

jealous of his skill and boldness, have attacked as honest a lad as ever breathed! But none whose judgments are worth the naming, think thus. Why, there is the Père himself—thinkest thou he would have agreed to be present at the betrothal of a man, of whose innocence he did not feel assured?"

"Does the Père mean to be present?" asked Pauline,

eagerly.

"He does," returned her father. "I have seen him this afternoon, and he has appointed Thursday next, which is the feast of St. Pierre—thy lover's patron saint—for the ceremony. Henri Lobau had again been with him, urging him to withhold his consent to the marriage, but Père Labarte would not hear him."

"I am glad the good father means to be there," said Pauline. "I had feared, I scarce know why, that he would not. And what is this thou sayest about Henri

Lobau?" she added, nervously.

"It is some revival of his old folly two years ago, I believe. The Père heeds it not, nor must thou."

"It is not likely that I should," returned Pauline, with something of her former sprightliness, as she reentered the châlet to commence her preparations.

On the day appointed—a bright warm day towards the end of June—the pair shortly to be affianced met at the Autel d'Amour, accompanied by their relatives and friends. The attendance was unusually large; a circumstance partly to be accounted for by the numerous friends of the bride, and partly by a half-defined expectation, which had spread throughout the neighbourhood, that something unusual was likely to take place. Whether it was due to this, or some other circumstance, it was hard to say; but an air of constraint appeared to pervade the whole party. The bride looked beautiful in her holiday attire, but she seemed anxious and uneasy; while as for Pierre, notwithstand-

ing the bravery of his dress, it was evident that his utmost exertions hardly sufficed to keep up the affectation of high spirits which he had assumed. Père Labarte also, who was wont to be the life and soul of such meetings, was almost entirely silent. Old Baptiste La Croix bustled about, struggling to the best of his ability against a depression which was accounted highly ominous on such occasions. But even he desisted after a while, and the nuptial party reached the foot of the glacier in almost unbroken silence.

The landscape immediately surrounding the Autel d'Amour was romantic enough to satisfy even the degend attached to it. It had once been a valley. winding up into the very heart of the mountains. the glacier had blocked up the upper end, moving slowly but unceasingly onwards; until, in the silent progress of years, it had approached within a few feet of the Autel itself. The stone so called, stood on a level platform, raised ten or twelve fee, above the torrent, which occasionally during the summer months burst forth from the glacier, and would have carried destruction into the village of Charette—if it had not been that a few feet lower down there yawned a huge cleft, of unknown depth, into which the overflowing waters discharged themselves. Contrasting pleasantly with the severe outlines of the glacier and its surrounding rocks, the platform was covered with the softest turf. thickly sown with the lovely blue of the gentian flowers—a meet carpet for the feet of a new-made Everything, except the aspect of the guests, was in unison with the occasion. The sky was brightly blue over head, the day deliciously warm, for the burning heat was tempered by the vicinity of the glacier; and the accessories of wood and rock and water as perfect as the eye of an artist could have desired.

The ceremony of betrothal was, like most of the Swiss customs, extremely simple. A few words of introduction, followed by a prayer, were uttered by the curé, or whoever might preside in his absence. followed the vows of the future bridegroom and bride, and the rite was concluded by a solemn ratification of, and blessing on, the compact just concluded. Père Labarte appeared to rouse himself somewhat as he commenced his address. He spoke with affection of the bride, whom he had himself baptized, and whom he loved, he said, as a daughter. She well deserved all the happiness which a union with a worthy husband could confer upon her, and which he did not doubt she would find in her marriage with Pierre Renaud. He then proceeded to pass a eulogy on the bridegroom also, dwelling on the skill and industry which had justly won him admiration, and on his well known courage and hardihood. But notwithstanding an evident effort to throw himself cordially into this part of his subject, his words were constrained and hesitating: and he passed quickly on to the prayer in behalf of their mutual happiness; to which all listened with respect and emotion.

Then followed the questions addressed to the bride and bridegroom, as to whether they were prepared to accept each other as husband and wife, according to the ordinance of God and the rites of the Catholic Church: and whether their consciences were clear of all secret reasons which might forbid their union.

This was esteemed the most interesting part of the ceremony. It was usual for the bridegroom to pronounce his answers in a loud and confident tone: and it was accounted an omen of the most sinister kind when he failed to do so.

Aware of this, Pierre Renaud stood boldly forward, suppressing by a powerful effort any misgivings which

he might secretly feel. He listened reverently to the curé as he solemnly put the question; and had already begun his answer in the tone befitting the occasion, when, to the surprise of all, he suddenly faltered in his speech and was silent. At the same moment, from the bosom of the glacier far above, was heard a hoarse rumbling sound, followed by a roar like that of cannon, and a mass of melted snow burst forth from the icy wall, and poured down the rocky channel beneath them. For a few minutes they looked on, while the noise of waters prevented all other sounds from being heard. But the phenomenon was one of common occurrence during the hot season, and rarely attended by danger. Nor did it excite any unusual interest. Presently the sound had ceased so far that Renaud's voice might again be heard, and the attention of the spectators was once more directed to him. But they saw at once that some strange change had come over him. He put his hands before his face, as a man might do who would shut out some terrible sight; his powerful frame quivered like an aspen: twice he endeavoured to recommence his answer, and twice his voice died away in hollow murmurs. At length, as if impelled by some irresistible power, against which he would fain struggle if he could, he raised his hand, and pointed to the glacier above him, exclaiming at the same time, "There! there!"

All eyes followed the direction of his finger. Lodged against a mass of ice, which the flood had been unable to sweep away, was a dark object, of undefined shape, and but partially visible; but which seemed to bear some resemblance to a human arm and shoulder. While they still looked, a new rush of water lifted it from its resting place and bore it fully into sight. It was the body of a tall man, clad in a dress different from that worn by the Swiss peasantry, but well re-

membered by all present. There was a short pause of wondering awe, and then Henri Lobau stepped forward. He had stood hitherto in the background, gloomily watching all that passed. Now he appeared like a man to whom a sudden revelation had been made.

"Friends and neighbours all," he said, "yonder lies the body of Julien Lobau, my dear and only brother, done to death by murderous violence, of which deed I have twice accused the man who stands yonder—Pierre Renaud. Twice has the reverend father refused to believe the charge, declaring that no proof of it had been produced. Lo, now the missing evidence has been supplied. Command that the body be examined, and see what proof it may afford, how he, to whom it belonged, met his end. Above all, let it be ascertained whether in the pockets of the dead man there is still to be found the purse, for the sake of which, as well as for other causes, I declare this murder to have been done. So shall it be proved at last whether Renaud or I have spoken truth."

"You have spoken well, Henri Lobau," said the curé.
"Let four men raise yonder corpse and bring it hither,

that it may be examined in the presence of us all."

With trembling awe, Colmar and three other of the peasants obeyed this command. They lifted the body, which had been frozen so stiff and hard, that the water in which it had been now for some time immersed, had as yet scarcely saturated the clothes, and laid it on the grass at the curé's feet. A thrill passed through the throng as the features were disclosed. They were distorted and convulsed, as though their owner had died in the agony of a mortal struggle. In the neck appeared a deep wound, inflicted apparently by a knife such as hunters carry: while clenched in the stiffened hand there still lay a lock of bright auburn hair. Colmar stepped forward in compliance with the

curé's order, to examine the clothes of the dead man; but Pierre Renaud, who had hitherto stood in a stupor of horror and despair, started forward and forbade him.

"It needs not," he said; "I own the deed. My sin has found me out. I did not rob the Frenchman. You will find his purse untouched. But a quarrel arose between us at the foot of the Col de Géant as he returned. I had left him to ascend alone, never believing he would accomplish it: and it maddened me to think he would be able to tell Pauline of his success. We fought with our knives, and in the death grapple we fell to the ground. His weapon pierced my leg, but my stab was surer, and I flung his corpse into the glacier. I suppose that in his dying agony he must have torn yonder lock from my head, but I was unconscious of it, both at the time and afterwards."

He gazed wildly round him as he spoke: and his eye for a moment met that of Pauline La Croix. The shrinking horror which her face expressed stung him, as it seemed, to madness. He clasped his hands over his head, and rushing a few paces forward, plunged headlong into the unfathomed gulf beneath.

There was a long and shuddering silence, which was broken at length by Père Labarte. "Take up yonder body," he said, "and bear it to the churchyard, where we will give it fitting burial. For yonder unhappy sinner against his own soul, what can be added to that which he himself has spoken? 'Surely his sin has found him out.'"





## THE CORNISH MINER:

OLSTOCK SCHOOL had just been dismissed; and the children pouring out on the stretch of heath by which the building was surrounded, broke up into a number of small

groups: some commencing games of various descriptions, others pursuing their way homewards to the neat cottages with which the whole neighbourhood was overspread. Among the latter might be seen a lad of twelve or thirteen years old, leading a little girl by the hand, who seemed but half contented with her companion. She cast wistful looks at the many knots of her schoolfellows, who were running races or dancing in the ring; and once or twice tried to attract her companion's attention to them, but in vain; for the lad paced soberly along, apparently buried in his own thoughts. Suddenly an outcry arose among one of the largest clusters of boys, and two lads were seen striking angrily at one another.

"Oh, Leonard!" exclaimed the girl, "it is Cousin Mark. James Glover and he are going to have a fight, and James is stronger and a better fighter too they say. He will kill Mark if you don't interfere."

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Leonard roused himself from his meditation, and turned to the spot where the fracas was going on. "You are right," he said, after a moment's scrutiny. "I'll go and prevent it if I can, Rose. Stop here quietly till I come back. I shan't be many minutes."

He ran up, arriving just as Mark, who was no match, as Rose had truly affirmed, for his antagonist, received a blow from the fist of the latter which felled him to the ground. The lad's head struck against a sharp stone, and was severely cut, the blood beginning to stream over his white jacket as he tried to rise. Leonard's first act was to raise him from the ground, and tie his own hand-kerchief tight round the cut so as to stop the bleeding. Then committing Mark to the care of another boy, he stepped up to James Glover, who stood at a little distance, surrounded by his friends, sullenly looking on.

"What didst strike my cousin for?" he asked.
"Thou'rt stronger than he, and I wont stand by and

see't done."

"'Twere Mark's own fault," was the answer. "He struck me first, because I wanted to play at marbles instead of hare and hounds. I didn't mean to cut his head open. But 'twas his own doing."

Leonard looked doubtful. "That's scarce likely, I'm thinking," he said. "He wouldn't go to strike

you for nothing more than that."

"But it's true, Leonard," said another boy. "I heard it all. Mark were put out at having lost his good mark at lessons, and thought 'twere James Glover's fault. That made 'un crossish and quarrelsome, and he hit Jem across the face without reason."

"If you say so, Robert, I must believe you," returned Leonard, "for you always speak the truth: and of course if Mark struck Jem without cause, he had a right to hit him again." So saying, he turned to the assistance of his cousin, who had by this time recovered

himself sufficiently to be able to walk with Leonard's help. Little Rose Andrews now ran up and helped to support Mark on the other side: and in the course of a few minutes they reached Michael Andrews' cottage.

Mrs. Andrews was busy setting out the tea-things when they entered, but she instantly desisted when she saw her nephew's face. "What! have you two boys been fighting?" she exclaimed. "I tell you what, Leonard Andrews——"

"No, aunt, we haven't been fighting," interposed Mark Hursley. "It were James Glover that hit me, when I was off my guard, like a coward as he is. Leonard had naught to do wi' it—except that he didn't give James a thrashing as he might have done," he

added, under his breath.

"What! you didn't interfere to protect Mark, eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, angrily; for Mark Hursley, her own brother's orphan son, was her especial pet, and she was seldom just in matters where he was concerned. "A great strong lad like you! You are as big as James Glover, any day. And to think you'd stand by, and see your own cousin beaten in that way by a lad as he was no match for, but you were! Well, I didn't think it of you, Leonard. I know you don't love Mark, but I thought you would have prevented his being beat."

"Mark have no call to think I don't love him," said Leonard, the tears gathering in his eyes. "You

don't think so, Mark, do you?"

"I don't know about it," said Mark, sulkily. "You.

might have pounded Jem, and you didn't."

"Oh, but Mark," interposed Rose, "Leonard didinterfere—I heard him; but he didn't thrash James, because he thought you were the one to blame."

"I daresay!" said her mother, sharply. "It suited

him to think so, no doubt; but he'd have thought different if it had been his own business, I judge."

Leonard said no more, but turned quietly away to his favourite seat at the farthest end of the garden; to which he generally resorted when his aunt made the house uncomfortable. Little Rose followed him

timidly, and sat down by his side.

The family history might be gathered in a great measure from this occurrence. Michael Andrews had been employed for many years as an overlooker in Polstock mine. He had married a native of Polstock. Grace Hursley, by whom he had one little girl. His two nephews, both made orphans in the same day, by one of the terrible mining casualties unhappily so common, had been adopted and brought up as his own children. Leonard, his own brother's child, was now about thirteen years old; a quiet, steady, rather dull lad, who had little to say for himself, and seldom attracted the notice of others. Mark Hursley, the nephew of his wife, was two years younger, and as complete a contrast to his cousin as could well be imagined. He was quick, intelligent, and passionate tempered, winning admiration by his handsome face and well-knit figure, but continually getting into scrapes, from which he did not always emerge, notwithstanding all his cleverness, without serious damage. He held his sober cousin somewhat in contempt, though always willing to avail himself of his stronger arm, and the higher estimation in which he was held by his schoolfellows: he was also well aware of the favour with which he was regarded by his Aunt Andrews, and was seldom scrupulous in trading upon it to the utmost. Both lads were very fond of little Rose Andrews, who was two years younger than Mark, and who on her side was much attached to them both—finding Mark in general the pleasanter companion, but Leonard the most trusty friend in time of need.

Years went on, and there was but little change in the household. Both the lads had grown to be young men, and were working in Michael's gang in Polstock mine. Mrs. Andrews continued to regard Leonard, who was now a young man of three-and-twenty, with the same dislike which she had ever entertained. The high character he bore for steadiness and industry. far from diminishing this feeling, seemed rather to increase it, contrasting as it did so strongly with the scrapes, in which her own favourite nephew was continually being involved. By some logical process peculiar to herself she transferred the blame of these to his innocent cousin; who, she always declared, might have kept him out of them, or at all events have extricated him from them without difficulty, if he had so chosen. Mark himself, a reckless young scamp, good-natured notwithstanding his impetuous temper, was inclined to make a joke of his aunt's unreasonable partiality on these occasions: though, as has been already said, he would avail himself of it to the utmost when it suited him to do so. Leonard, who was deeply attached to his own family, and even to his aunt, notwithstanding her prejudice against him, felt her reproaches as keenly almost as though he had actually merited them; and made many a vain effort to overcome her ill opinion of him, which it was strange that she should have failed altogether to perceive.

Rose's feeling towards her two cousins was a matter more difficult to determine, as well as of more consequence to the young men themselves. She was now a lovely girl of nineteen, and would have had lovers innumerable; but that by popular consent she was regarded as already the property of one or the other of her two former playfellows. No one, however, seemed to know which of the two was the favoured lover; and it is likely that Rose herself was at this time as ignorant as the others on the subject. There could be no doubt of their devotion to her, or of her liking for them: but though she distinguished them on all occasions above the other youths of the village, she made apparently no distinction between the lads Mrs. Andrews made no secret of her themselves. wish that Mark should be the successful suitor: and would have put considerable constraint on her daughter's inclinations, if her husband would have allowed it. But Michael Andrews, a silent and retiring man in general, could nevertheless be firm enough when he chose; and he declared peremptorily that Rosey should not be interfered with, but be left free to choose for herself.

Polstock was situated on the estuary of a river; and a favourite amusement with the miners, during their intervals of leisure, was rowing in certain pleasureboats kept by the father of James Glover, Mark's old antagonist. On one day every autumn a regatta was held, which was a holiday by prescriptive usage; and the prize for the four-oared race was almost invariably carried off by a crew composed of the Polstock miners. In the year in which Rose attained her nineteenth birthday, she was chosen to give away the prizes to the successful competitors: and great was the rivalry among the youths of the village as soon as the election was known. Mark Hursley, ever foremost on such occasions, had been chosen captain of the crew which was generally considered to have the best chance of success—the only rival of whom he stood in any fear being James Glover, who with Tom Calloway and the two Penroses, manned the boat known as the Flower of Cornwall. Leonard, notwithstanding many solicitations, had taken no part in the regatta. His refusal had caused some surprise, as he was accounted one of the best oars in the village, and rowing was known to be his favourite amusement. No one but himself was aware of his real reason. He had fancied that Rose was anxious for Mark to carry off the prize, and he had resolved therefore not to oppose any obstacle to his success; simply answering those who urged him to compete, that he had no desire to take part in the race.

When the day itself had arrived, it chanced that Steve Penrose, who rowed the stroke oar in the *Flower of Cornwall*, was taken suddenly so ill, as to be unable to row the match. Great disappointment was expressed by all present, and by none more than the fair queen of the revels, who was greatly vexed that her office

would become a sinecure.

"Isn't it stupid, Cousin Leonard," she said, "that among all these young men there can't be found one

who is equal to taking Penrose's place?"

"Never mind, Rose," he answered, "Mark will have it all his own way now; and that might not have happened if Penrose had been well enough to row."

"But I do mind!" pouted Rose. "There will be no pleasure in Mark's winning, or in anybody's winning in that way. I would rather Mark were beat, than win without there being a race. Why don't you take the vacant place yourself, Leonard? I have always heard that you were a good rower."

"If I thought you wished it, Rose, I would," said Leonard, in a low tone. "But of course if I do row,

I must row my best."

"Of course, everybody must wish that," she answered, evasively. On receiving which answer, her cousin, walking straight down to the water's edge, to

the great surprise of the crew of the Flower of Corn-wall, volunteered to take the stroke's place.

His proposal was joyfully accepted, and the news soon spread through the crowd, causing general satisfaction. Mrs. Andrews, however, did not regard it in the same light as her neighbours.

"It's just like him," she said, when it was told her.
"Anything to prevent Mark from winning. He didn't care to row until he saw my lad must win, if he

didn't meddle; and then he steps forward."

Rose, who was standing by, coloured as she heard the remark. She half began an avowal that it was at her suggestion that Leonard had entered for the boat-race; but she feared her mother's anger, and was silent; besides, the contest was now on the point of commencement, and absorbed all interest. A very close contest it turned out. The disadvantage of rowing together for the first time was so great, that it seemed likely to overbalance Leonard's strength and skill. was only after a most desperate struggle that the latter succeeded in bringing in his boat a few feet in advance of his antagonist. The result was hailed with general satisfaction, the crew of the Flower of Cornwall being more in favour with the crowd than their rivals. Mark was vexed and mortified to an extent that was unusual even with him. He had made sure of winning the day, and of receiving the prize from Rose's hand; and was inclined to agree for once with his aunt, that Leonard's interference had been caused wholly by a wish to prevent him from accomplishing his wishes. There had been in truth for a long time but little cordiality between the young men. They had become sensible that they were rivals for Rose's favour, and each in his heart suspected the other to be the favoured lover. Leonard's generous disposition induced him simply to stand aloof, and not interfere between his cousins; but Mark was impatient and jealous, and continually endeavouring to supplant his rival by every means that lay in his power. On the present occasion his latent ill-will against his rival broke out into open hostility. He had no sooner landed from his boat than he hurried up to his aunt, who was standing alone at some distance from the crowd, evidently as much vexed as himself.

"Isn't it too bad of Leonard?" he exclaimed, angrily. "He knew that Rose wanted me to win, for he was told so a week ago: and he didn't care to row himself, as every one knows. And he's been and done this just to prevent Rose having to give me the prize."

"Well, she wont give it to him, any way," replied Mrs. Andrews. "She has gone home to be out of the way, and Janet Glover is to give it away instead."

"Has she—has she really?" asked Mark, eagerly.

"She didn't like me to be beaten then?"

"Of course she didn't, Mark," returned his aunt, omitting to add that it was only in obedience to her peremptory order that Rose had gone home.

Mark was too eager—or too wise, to ask further questions. He stepped up to Leonard, as he stood talking to some friends who had come to congratulate him on his success.

"Well, Leonard," he said, "so you have carried your point, after all. Steve Penrose fell ill just at the right time for you to prevent me from winning."

"I didn't row to prevent you from winning, Mark.

I am sure you can't think that I did."

"What 'did you row for then?" retorted Mark. "You've been telling every one for the last month that you didn't wish to take any part in the regatta: and if you didn't wish it, who did, I should like to know?"

Leonard was silent. He would not have said anything of Rose's request if his life had been at stake.

"However, you had better go and take the prize," continued Mark. "They are all ready, I see; and Janet Glover has taken her seat."

"Janet Glover!" exclaimed Leonard, startled out of his usual calmness. "What has she to do with it?"

"She is going to give the prizes in Rose's place. Rose has gone home. "Twasn't very likely she would stay."

"You are all rather hard on me, I think," was poor Leonard's only remark, as he walked quietly away to the judge's stand, and received the new Sunday hat with its blue ribbons, which was the appointed prize for the stroke of the winning boat; while Mark, again

joining his aunt, followed Rose home.

Leonard did not return that evening: and the next day it was announced rather curtly by Michael, that his nephew had taken a lodging at James Glover's house, who had a room to let. From that time the Andrews's saw but little of their relative. Leonard made no complaint, but he was deeply wounded. had never suspected the real truth—viz., that Rose had not only been sent home against her will, but had further been accused by her mother of throwing herself in Leonard's way, notwithstanding his evident avoidance of her. According to his view of the matter. it was but too plain that she had wished the boat-race to take place, only in order that Mark might not lose the glory of a victory; but when the result had been to give him a triumph instead of Mark, she had no inclination to witness it.

No one but Mark himself knew whether he was aware of the mutual mistake into which Rose and Leonard had fallen. He made the best use of his position to push his suit with the former; and both he and Mrs. Andrews took every opportunity of intimating—so far as they could do so without positively proclaiming the fact—that a tacit engagement existed

between himself and his cousin. Gradually it came to be regarded as a recognised thing by every one but Rose herself. Leonard heard it among the rest. He made one or two attempts to obtain an explanation, but was always baffled by Mrs. Andrews' contrivances. He then addressed a letter to Rose, but received no answer. At last he gave up all hope of there being any mistake on the subject, and resolved to remove from the neighbourhood, which had now become too painful for him to endure. He gave notice to his employers of his intention to leave their service, and packing up his money, and such moveables as belonged to him, prepared to set out for Camelford, where he

had obtained a promise of employment.

On the evening before the last day of his stay, he addressed letters to his uncle, aunt, and Rose, bidding them farewell for a time, and saying he felt it would be less painful to all parties, if he took leave of them in that manner, rather than at a personal visit. He congratulated Rose on her engagement, which he hoped might be for her and Mark's happiness; and thanked his uncle for the uniform kindness he had received from him. To his aunt he wrote more at length. He could not help seeing, he said, that she believed he felt no affection for her or her nephew, Mark Hursley. But he assured her she misjudged him, in this respect at least. He trusted the time would come when he might be able to prove by deeds, what he could now declare only in words—viz. that no brother could be willing to do more for another, than he was for Mark his brother, as he had always felt, by adoption.

He rose early and posted this letter on his way to the mine, reflecting sadly as he did so, that before the hour of delivery he would be many miles away from Polstock. It chanced that he and Mark had to work that day in a gallery recently opened at the very bottom of the mine, and the ladders not having yet been permanently fixed in the newly constructed shaft. the descent was accomplished in the kibble, or bucket, generally used for raising the ore. This was only large enough to contain one man; but as only two or three of the miners were at present employed in the shaft, the delay thus caused was not of any material

consequence.

On reaching the place where his day's work was to be done, Leonard found that Mark had arrived already, and was busy at his work, in company with two of the miners, whose presence made it impossible for him to enter upon the topic which engrossed his thoughts. The day passed away without any opportunity having been afforded him of speaking alone with his cousin, and he was obliged to ask him to remain behind for the purpose, when the others left in the afternoon. Mark complied unwillingly. since the regatta, though he had maintained friendly terms with his cousin, he had avoided being alone with him as much as possible. It was difficult to evade a direct request such as the present one; but he endeavoured to do so nevertheless.

"Can't you say what you wish when we have reached the top?" he said. "I'll wait for you at the corner of the lane; or if you like it better, you may go first."

"We should most likely be interrupted up there," returned Leonard, "and I want particularly to speak

to you alone."

"Say away, then," said Mark, "only be as quick as you can. Phil Trevannoch, who has been working at the farther end of the gallery, says he has heard one or two cracks above his head within the last hour. and wouldn't like to stay here all night. But there'll be time for you to say what you want, I've no doubt. before the kibble comes down again."

"I'll lose no time, Mark, I promise you. Well, first I want to say a word about Rose——"

"I don't see what call there is to speak about her,"

interposed Mark, roughly.

"If you will listen to me, you will see there is. We have both of us set our hearts on having Rose for a wife—there's no use in disguising that."

He paused, but Mark said nothing, and he went on.

"From all I can learn, she fancies you in preference to me. Indeed she must do so, or she'd have answered the letter I wrote her a fortnight ago."

"I've got nothing to do with this," again broke in Mark. "If she chooses to like me better than you, I

suppose she has a right to do so."

"A perfect right, Mark. I don't say a word against it. I understand you to mean that you and she are engaged, as I've supposed all along. Well, you and she have my best wishes for your happiness—though I shan't see it, because I am going to leave Polstock this afternoon, and don't know when I may come back. You'll shake hands, wont you, Mark? That's the first thing I wanted to ask."

Mark gave him his hand without reply, and Leonard

proceeded.

"I also wanted to say a word about aunt—I know she's set against me—always has been. I don't know how far 'tis my fault, but I'd have prevented it if I could. She thinks I don't care for any of you, leastways for herself or you, Mark. But, Mark, that ain't true. I haven't the gift of words, but 'tisn't those who speaks most, as 'ull do most. I only want to say that if ever the time should come, when 'tis in my power to help uncle, or aunt, or Rose, or you, I'll do it to the best of my power. I've always loved you like a brother, Mark—no one knows how much—and when I'm gone, I hope you will try and persuade aunt of it.

Here comes the kibble, so let's shake hands once more, and say good-bye for this many a day to come."

Mark grasped his hand warmly, as he mechanically placed one foot in the bucket. His conscience had been keenly reproaching him throughout the whole of his cousin's speech, and shame alone had prevented him from interrupting him. He was on the point of opening his lips to confess the whole truth respecting himself and Rose, when suddenly a hollow sound was heard from the further end of the newly opened gallery, gradually swelling into a roar—and a rush of water came pouring into the shaft. Before they had time to realize to themselves what had happened, it had mounted above their ankles, and they could feel that it was rising every instant. Leonard was the first to recover himself.

"Step in, Mark," he cried, pushing him as he spoke, into the kibble. "Step in, and shout to them to haul

up. There is not a moment to lose."

"And what is to become of you, Leonard? No, I can't do that! Come in along with me; we must

share the chance of escape together."

"You know well the bucket wont hold two. The handle would break with the weight. No, be as quick as you can—that's my best chance as well as yours. I'll try to climb the sides of the shaft for a few feet. At any rate, I can contrive to swim about, until the kibble comes down again."

"But, Leonard," cried Mark, still lingering, "you have been told untrue about Rose. She and I are not engaged. I don't know as she ever means to have me. I must tell the truth—I really believe in her heart—I am dead sure, that's more—that she likes

you the best of the two."

Even at that fearful moment Leonard's heart leaped with joy as he heard this avowal, and he wavered an

instant in his resolve. Life, hope, happiness, seemed suddenly placed within his grasp. But all must be at the sacrifice of Mark's life. It was a terrible temptation, but he overcame it. Before his cousin could disengage himself from the kibble, he joined his hands together and shouted at the top of his voice to the man above to draw up. The last words Mark heard as he was carried upwards were, "You'll remember to tell aunt."

The reader will surmise the rest. The moment Mark had reached the surface, and given a breathless explanation to his startled companions, the bucket was again lowered with all imaginable speed. All listened with an anxiety so intense that they could hear the faint splash when it struck the surface of the water far below, but they waited in vain to see the rope strained by Leonard's weight, or to hear his voice calling to them to lift. A larger machine was instantly procured, and men with lights and drags descended to his rescue. But the water had now risen more than twenty feet in the shaft, and it was but too plain that Leonard had sunk to the bottom.

Mark went home and told his tale; but he did not venture to look Rose in the face; and a few days afterwards he enlisted as a sailor on board a frigate at Falmouth. Rose said little, but those who knew her best could see that her heart was broken. She never held up her head again, and died unmarried a few years afterwards.

But the one who felt the occurrence most deeply was Mrs. Andrews. When on the morning following his sudden and untimely death, Leonard's letter was put into her hands; and she read the loving words he had addressed to her—almost the very last act of his noble and unselfish life—she laid her head upon

the table, and cried as she had never done since her childhood.

"God forgive me," she sobbed, "for my cruel injustice. I see it all now. Oh! if I could only undo what has been done. Poor Leonard! poor Leonard! He hoped the time would come when he could prove by deeds that he did love Mark. Alas! alas! it came

but too soon, and it was all my fault."

"You say true, wife," said her quiet and pious hus-"Leonard has indeed shown his love by the best and surest of all proofs—the same by which the blessed Saviour himself proved His, all those hundreds of years ago. Wife, I ain't fond in general of putting texts upon tombstones, as seem to praise the dead. They ain't often very well deserved, to my thinking. But we'll make an exception this time. I've told John Clements to put up a plain stone with the lad's name and age upon it, and to write under it the words, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."





## THE BANK DOOR.

T was a fine morning early in the month of June; a party of three—a lady and two gentlemen—had just finished breakfast, and were exchanging a few sentences previously

to rising and leaving the table. Any one might see that the two men were brothers. The strong family likeness left no question of that. The lady was probably their mother; but her advanced age might have induced a stranger to doubt whether she was not a generation further removed from them. But the first words of the youger brother determined the matter.

"Well, mother, I must be off. It is nine o'clock, and I have some things to do at Milsted before the bank opens. Charles," he continued, turning to his brother, who had risen, and was carefully examining the lock of a new breech-loader, "Charles, you will be sure to draw out the money this morning, will you not?"

"What a bother you make about that money, Frederick," returned the other; "one would certainly think the bank was going to break. If I were old Simon Weatherley, I should lecture my clerk on the

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impropriety of urging customers to withdraw their

money so urgently."

"Nonsense, Charles. Everybody knows that Weatherley and Co. are as safe as the Bank of England. You know that is not my reason. We may lose the mortgage if the money is not sent to-day; and you know what a chance it will be, if we get as good a one again."

"Old Borrett said a day or two would make no difference. You are always in such a hurry," rejoined Charles, somewhat querulously. "And I have been asked to the Rifle meeting in Alverly Park to-day; and if I don't go, most probably I shall not be invited

again this season."

"Borrett did not say what you quote in his last letter," said Frederick. "It was only at the outset of the business that he said there was no necessity for sending the money at once. He told you last Friday that he ought to have it now, and you have already let three days pass without taking it out."

"Well, don't plague about it," returned Charles, with a yawn. "I'll go this afternoon, when I come back

from Alverley-"

"This morning, before you go," urged the other. "It is only two miles to Milsted: you can ride there in a quarter of an hour, and get to Alverley quite easily before the match begins. Do let me order your horse."

"I wont!" exclaimed his brother, angrily. "I have promised to go in the afternoon, and that ought to satisfy you. I wont be bothered any further about it." So saying, he took up his gun and left the room.

"It is no use trying to make him do it," said Mrs. Ellison, as she noticed the look of annoyance on her youngest son's face. "He will keep his word, I have no doubt, this afternoon; and I will take care to remind him of it at luncheon."

"I wish he may come home to luncheon," said Frederick. "He will meet Richard Hart, in all likelihood, at Alverley, and Richard will ask him to lunch at the Parsonage, and what chance do you think there will be of his refusing?"

"Why, not much," said Mrs. Ellison, smiling. "If Josephine is at home, as I believe she is, it would be a hard matter for him to decline. You would hardly

expect him to do so."

"No, but why can't he take the money out before going there? you know it is our whole fortune. If it should be lost by any mischance, we should all be beggars. Your settlement money, and my five thousand pounds, as well as Charles's thirty, are all standing in his name in the bank: and if we should miss this mortgage, it may be a long time before we could find another as good, and meanwhile the money will be standing idle. However, it can't be helped; I must be off now, or I shall be too late at the bank."

He took his hat and gloves, and set off in the direction of Milsted, the spires of which might be seen about two miles distant. As he turned into the footpath which led across the fields, he saw in the distance the figure of his brother, lounging along the road with his gun on his shoulder. "Charlie's a lucky fellow," he thought, as he entered the suburbs of Milsted, "to be able to go where he likes, and have no engagements except of his own making. And to be able to marry too, as soon as he likes, and I suppose that wont be very long. Josephine is a charming girl. I might have fancied her myself, only I have very little money, and she none at all. Well, no doubt it is best as it is."

With this wise conclusion to his meditations, Frederick Ellison turned into the High Street, and entering by the private door of Messrs. Weatherley's bank, hung

up his hat, changed his coat, and established himself for his day's work. We shall not trouble ourselves with his proceedings until a few minutes before one o'clock; when, as he was preparing to leave for the half hour allowed for lunch, a note was put into his hands in the well-known handwriting of Mr. Simon Weatherley, the senior partner in the bank.

"Is the answer to this wanted immediately?" he

asked of the porter who brought it.

"I believe not, sir," was the reply. "There were several other notes, and Mr. Weatherley didn't say anything about answers to any of them."

"Very well, Sam, then it will keep till I come back

from lunch."

So saying he shut his desk, and walked off to the place which he usually patronized for his mid-day refreshment. This was a small inn on the bank of the river; where there was a clean little parlour, and the day's paper always awaiting him, as well as excellent bread and cheese and ale, and often something appetising besides. On the present occasion he was in better luck than usual; the landlord had been prosperous in his morning's fishing, and two prime trout, done to a turn, were placed before him. Frederick sat down to his repast in great contentment of mind. doing full justice to the fare provided for him. It was not until he had finished his luncheon, had exhausted the last column of the County Gazette, and was thinking that it was time for him to return to the bank, that he remembered anything about Mr. Simon Weatherley's Then he took it up and examined it carelessly before opening it. It was sealed with wax, with the banker's well known monogram; and the paper of the envelope was so thick, that the most prying eyes would have been unable to gain the smallest inkling of its contents. "It is old Weatherley's own writing,"

he thought to himself; "I hope I have not got into any scrape. Perhaps they are going to raise my salary!

Ay, I daresay that's it."

He broke the seal, and took out a note in the same handwriting as that on the envelope. It contained only a few words, but the perusal of them caused an instantaneous change in Frederick's demeanour. He started up in great surprise, dropping the letter on the table. Then he sat down, and catching up the paper again, read it through half-a-dozen times—each time, as it seemed, more anxiously than before.

"Am I dreaming?" he exclaimed aloud. surely impossible! And yet it is Weatherley's writing; I could swear to that. Stay, let me be quite sure this is not a hoax." He took up the envelope and examined it even more minutely than he had the letter. "It is certainly genuine," he exclaimed with a groan, at last. "The seal hangs always at his watch-chain, and no one else is even allowed to touch it. Besides. I know the handwriting as well as I do my own. Poor Weatherley! How grieved my mother will be; and Charles. Ha! Charles, my mother! the money! -Good heavens, I had forgotten!" He thrust the letter into his pocket, gave a glance at the clock, which was at twenty-six minutes past one, and catching up his hat, rushed frantically out of the house, to the extreme astonishment of his landlady, who had never seen him depart in such fashion before.

It wanted still ten minutes to two, when he burst into Violet Cottage, as their house was called, and

inquired breathlessly after his brother.

"Mr. Charles hasn't come in to lunch," was the answer. "Tom Hillyer told me that he had seen him along with Mr. Richard Hart, about twelve o'clock. I daresay he has gone home with him."

"Order Trumpeter to be saddled immediately. Stay, I will put the saddle on myself."

He rushed into the stable, which was fortunately unlocked, and in ten minutes more was galloping full

speed towards Alverley Parsonage.

"Half-past two," he muttered, glancing at his watch as he drew in his foaming horse at the door of Mr. Hart's house. "If he is still here, there will be ample time."

He rang at the bell, and the servant seemed an age "Is Mr. Ellison here?" he inquired, in coming. before the door was half open.

"Mr. Ellison, sir? No, sir. He lunched here, but he went out again with Mr. Richard directly afterwards."

"Can you tell me which way he went?"

"Well, sir, I think he has gone with Mr. Richard to Hendford wood. I heard Mr. Richard ask him, and he said something about an appointment at Milsted, but another day would do for that. then they set out together."

Frederick groaned. "How long have they been

gone?" he asked.

"About a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes.

Straight up the lane there."

The young man asked no more. He turned his horse in the direction pointed out, and again urged him to his full speed. After ten minutes' hard riding, he came in sight of the sportsmen, who were striding along at a rapid pace. He hailed them, and they stopped.

"Hallo, Fred," exclaimed Charles, as his brother dashed up to him, covered from head to foot with "What in the name of wonder is the matter, mud.

man ?"

"The matter is, that you must mount this horse, "lop at full speed---"

"Our mother is not ill, is she?" asked Charles, breathlessly.

"No, no; but the money in the bank-"

The young man burst out with an angry oath. "That money again. I will not be badgered in this

way. Just look here, Frederick-"

"Stop," said Frederick, interrupting in his turn. "You don't know what you are saying. Hart, will you hold my horse for a minute. Charles, look at this letter. You know Simon Weatherley's handwriting. Read it, and then mount and ride for your life."

Struck with his brother's manner, the elder Ellison

took the open letter, and read as follows:—

"(500 copies of this by ten o'clock to-morrow.)

"Milsted, June 8, 18—.

"SIR,—We regret to inform you that in consequence of heavy and unforeseen losses, we are compelled to suspend payment from present date. We hope shortly to lay before our creditors a statement of our liabilities and assets, and make such further arrangements as may be most advantageous to the interests of all.

"We have the honour to be, &c.,

"S. & G. WEATHERLEY.

"Messrs. Black, Printers."

"What, what!" exclaimed Charles, in astonishment. "Weatherley stop payment! Why, you can't mean it! Is this a hoax, Frederick? Don't make a joke of a

thing like this."

"It is no joke for any one; I can assure you of that. Listen: This was brought to me two hours ago, evidently by mistake, as it is addressed to Black, the printers; but that is of no consequence. It is Weatherley's handwriting and seal: and though I can't understand how they can be going to break, it is plain they are. There may be no effects—not a penny in the pound—

for all I can tell. But observe, the circular is dated June 8, that is to-morrow. They will therefore keep on to-day. It is now ten minutes past three; there is time for you to gallop straight to the Bank and withdraw the money. But you must not lose a second."

"You are right," replied Charles. "It wont do to stay here. Hart, the horse, if you please. Frederick will explain all to you." He seized the bridle as he spoke, sprang on Trumpeter's back, and dashed off at full gallop.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Fred," said Hart, looking

in some surprise after the retreating figure.

"There is an appointment which Charles had made in Milsted, which is of importance, and which he had forgotten—that is all," replied Frederick, who, though he had held himself justified in using the information he had so strangely received, to save his mother and brother, as well as himself, from ruin—felt bound, nevertheless, to keep his employers' secret from the public generally. "But I am anxious to rejoin him as soon as possible. If you will be so kind as to lend me a horse, I will ride after him."

Meanwhile Charles was hurrying along at the utmost speed to which Trumpeter could be urged. It was not possible to ride very fast in the narrow lane, full of ruts and stones, which formed the first mile and a half of his journey. In spite of his utmost exertions, the clock of Alverley Church pointed to twenty minutes past three as he issued from it into the Milsted road. The distance from thence to the door of the Bank was as nearly as possible six miles. Well, Trumpeter could do that in half an hour, let alone forty minutes—that is, he could do it under ordinary circumstances. But Trumpeter had been hard ridden for the last hour, and was begining to show symptoms of distress. After galloping another mile, he was obliged to relax his pace, or it was plain that the horse

would altogether break down. By the time he had reached the turning of the road opposite to Violet Cottage, which was still two miles to Milsted, it wanted only a quarter to four. But Trumpeter had now somewhat recovered his wind, and Charles once

more urged him to his full speed.

It was indeed a race for life or death. If he should be too late to redeem the mischief which his negligence—his infatuation, he called it again and again in the course of that dreadful ride—if he should be too late to redeem it, not only would he be a ruined man-not only would he have to begin the world without a profession, and without a penny: but those whom he loved most tenderly—whom he was bound to protect and cherish, they would be beggars too. His mother's settlement money had been sold out by her trustees, of whom he was one, in order to make up the sum required for the mortgage: his brother's fortune too, all would be lost in that one terrible gulf. "No effects, not a penny in the pound." The words kept recurring again and again, as though some evil genius was continually whispering them in his ears. He would have to sell Violet Cottage, and go into small lodgings, and Frederick must get another clerkship: for even his 150l. a year, with a prospect of a junior partnership, would go with the rest: and he must get a copying clerk's place too, he supposed. He was fit for nothing else. And then Josephine—ah! that was the worst of all. They were not actually engaged, but he had only waited until his mother and Frederick should be settled in the new residence they had agreed for, before asking her to become the mistress of his They would never be able to marry now; and it would break her heart. He dug his heels into the sides of the poor animal, which was now again beginning to flag, as the last idea occurred to him, and pushed him on as well as his failing powers would

permit.

Thank Goodness, here was the town at last, and there were still seven minutes left. There was only one long narrow street-Friar's row by name-between him and the High Street. "Now Trumpeter, a few hundred yards more, and your work is done." He reached the corner of the row. Alas, it was filled with a dense crowd! a showman was exhibiting in front of one of the houses, and the people were gathered so thick in front of his stand, that it would be hopeless to expect them to move out of his way. He sprang from the saddle, threw the bridle to a boy whom he chanced to know, and began elbowing his way through the multi-They gave way before him, not without angry remonstrances and pushes, to which he paid no heed. but continued to force his way forward with unabated energy. He had got through the crowd at last, and reached the corner of the High Street—the Bank was in sight—when the sound of the church clock came rolling up the street, sounding in poor Charles's ears like the death knell of a condemned criminal. He could now see the entrance of the Bank: the outer door was closed, but he fancied he could see a slight motion, as though it were not yet fastened. He sprang up the steps, and pushed with all his force. But he could not move it an inch. There was unhappily no doubt he was too late. The door was shut.

Charles staggered back, and leaned for a moment against the rails of the doorstep, so stunned by the shock as to be unable to think what was next to be done. Then he started from his stupor, and knocked with his riding stick on the brass plate of the door, calling out to the porter to open it. No heed was paid to the summons, which the young man renewed again and again, each time more vehemently than the

last; until half a dozen idlers, attracted by his unusual demeanour, had gathered round the house, and began to comment aloud on his proceedings.

"The bank be closed," said one; "for sure it be closed. It's gone four this ten minutes and more."

"It ain't of no use banging there, master," exclaimed another. "They never open to no one; not to their own fathers, when the door's once shut."

"To be sure every one knows that," added a woman; why, he's like a madman with his knockings. He'll

batter the brass in, if he goes on like that!"

"'Tis young Mr. Ellison," said another, in a lower tone of voice. "He must have lost his senses: and here comes his brother, Mr. Frederick, that's one of Weatherley's clerks. He's come to have him locked up, for certain."

It was indeed Frederick, mounted on Mr. Hart's horse, and riding almost as rapidly as Charles had done. He had no sooner caught sight of the latter's figure, than he instantly comprehended what had passed. An expression of bitter disappointment passed over his face; but he mastered it as well as he was able, and dismounting, caught his brother by the arm.

"Come away, Charles. It is of no use knocking. The clerks are in the inner office, and the doors between are shut. They probably can't even hear the noise you make, and they would not pay the least heed

to it if they could."

"I tell you, Frederick, I will have my money!" exclaimed Charles, hoarsely. "They have not declared themselves bankrupts yet, at all events; and until they do'I have a right to demand it, and I will do so, though I have to beat the doors down to get at them!"

"Nonsense, Charles, the bank is closed for the day——"

"What do I care about that? they are inside the house there, and they have my money. I tell you I have a right to it and I will have it!" So saying he began again to batter the door, regardless of the crowd, which

was now gathering every minute.

Frederick saw that it would be vain to reason with his brother in his present half frantic condition. "Come this way, at all events," he said, "and do not tell our family secrets to all the world. If you must see Mr. Weatherley, I have the key of the private door, and we can go and ask for him. But I tell you beforehand, it will be no use. If the information contained in the letter delivered to me is true, our money is hopelessly lost: if it is not, we shall get it to-morrow morning. But if you will not be satisfied without—"

"I must see Weatherley!" exclaimed Charles, again. "I wont leave Milsted till I have seen him.

It will be of no use trying to make me!"

"Come this way, then," said Frederick. He again took his brother's arm, and this time the young man did not refuse to follow. They passed down a narrow alley running under the first floor of a house, and then again down another alley running at right angles to it. Presently the younger Ellison stopped at a strong oak door, and drawing a patent key from his pocket, applied it to the spring lock, which opened and admitted them into a courtyard, and through that to the back door of the house.

"We wish to see Mr. Simon and Mr. George Weatherley," said Frederick to the servant who

answered the bell.

"I don't think you can see either of them, Mr. Frederick," was the answer. "They are together in

Mr. Simon's room, and are engaged, I know, on im-

portant business."

"I must see them," interposed Charles Ellison; "the business we have come on is at least as important as theirs. Don't attempt to stop us; it will be of no use." The servant gave way before his excited voice and gestures. He threw open the door, and Charles

entered, followed by his brother.

The two old men occupied their accustomed chairs, with the ledgers and other books open on the table before them. On the opposite side of it was seated a well dressed man, whom neither of the Ellisons had seen before. The partners looked worn and dispirited: and Charles's heart sank within him as he noticed the expression of their faces. As they entered, Mr. Weatherley looked up with an expression of annoyance at the intruders, but it passed away as his eye lighted on Frederick's face.

"Ah, Ellison," he said, "you have come at last. Where have you been all this afternoon? I ap-

pointed to see you at three."

"I received no notice of any appointment, sir," answered the clerk. "This was handed to me at one o'clock to-day" (he placed the circular in his hand as he spoke), "but it says nothing of your wishing to see me."

Mr. Weatherley appeared surprised. "This was not what was sent you," he said. "There has been a mistake here."

"Is it a mistake about the bank having stopped?" interposed the elder Ellison.

"I am sorry to say it is not," said Mr. Weatherley.

"The bank will not open to-morrow morning."

"But you will pay us now, will you not?" rejoined Charles, eagerly. "The bank has not stopped yet; and I was only a few seconds late, when I came to

draw it out just now. The door was but that moment Oh, Mr. Weatherley, consider. It is ruin to us all-stark, downright ruin: and it cannot matter to you. You will not ruin old friends—old friends who

trusted you, will you, Mr. Weatherley?"

"God knows I would have ruined no one if I could have helped it," said the old man, "least of all an old friend. When you come to know all, Charles, you will not blame us, I am well assured. I should have been glad if you had been in time to-day; but it is impossible for us to pay you now. The circulars announcing our stoppage have been sent to the post, and our affairs are now in the hands of this gentleman. He will tell you the same. When the door of the bank closed at four to-day, it was too late."

Charles Ellison broke out again into the angry invective in which he had been indulging a few minutes before. But his brother, who knew the utter uselessness of his complaints, again interposed, and persuaded him to leave the room, and return home

with him.

In the course of a month or two the affairs of Messrs. Weatherley were wound up. It was found that they had behaved most honourably, and surrendered every farthing they possessed for the benefit of their creditors. The failure of two foreign houses, and extensive forgeries committed by a confidential clerk. had reduced their assets to a far lower sum than even they had anticipated, and a dividend of half-a-crown in the pound was all that was realized. The Ellisons. after the sale of Violet Cottage, found they had something less than three hundred pounds a year remain-This, however, was enough to enable them to maintain their mother decently and even comfortably. the more so, as Frederick's high character, and the strong recommendation of Mr. Weatherley, obtained for him the management of the new banking company which succeeded to the business and premises of the old firm. She lived with him till her death, and had the satisfaction of hearing his praises from every one around her.

As for Charles, he seemed for a long time utterly crushed and heartbroken. But time and his brother's example at length had their effect on him. obtained a junior clerkship in a London house, and worked hard for many years. His naturally good abilities, which his former idle sauntering life had obscured, now began to avail him in good stead. With the four thousand spared to him from the wreck of his fortune he was enabled to purchase a junior partnership in a good house, and became at last a richer man than he had been before the failure of Weatherley's bank. Before he was six-and-thirty, he was able to marry Josephine Hart (who had remained more than ten years single for his sake), and lived to see his children grow up round him. At the age of fifty he was a very different man from what those who had known him in his selfish, indolent youth, had predicted he would turn out.

Thus was God pleased to bring good out of evil, or rather, it would be more proper to say, thus was He pleased, by loving correction, to bring home to Himself a soul that might otherwise have continued to wander away further in the ways of self-pleasing indifference, and would never, in all likelihood, have returned to his Father's side at all. Often would Charles Ellison talk in his old age, to the grand-children whom he was permitted to bring up on his knees, of the great trial of his early life, and bless the Divine mercy which had snatched him from the temptations in which he would have assuredly gone astray. "I never look at the Door of the Bank," he

'used to say, "without thankfulness for the lesson which I learned that day when I found it shut. thought I was ruined hopelessly and for ever, when I tried in vain to open it. By God's mercy I was mistaken in that: but it taught me how fearful a thing despair must be, when indeed there does remain no further Don't forget, little ones, that there will be—as we know but too well from Scripture—a Door at which too many hereafter will knock in vain, and if it be once closed, it will be closed for ever. It is the Lord himself who has said, 'Many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us, shall answer and say unto you, I know you not, whence you are."





# MILWOOD GRANGE.



N an old-fashioned summer-house, the walls and roof of which were composed of the foliage of two large yew trees coaxed and tortured into the required shape, a family group

was seated at supper. It consisted of a rather finelooking old man, a lady, and two young men—the demeanour of the whole party contrasting somewhat strangely with their coarse and shabby dresses. observant spectator would have noted that this anomaly was not the only one which the scene presented. plat in front of the arbour had once been a smoothly shaven lawn; but the grass had now grown long and rank. There were flower beds in which exotics had once flourished, but which at present contained none but the commonest products of an English garden. walks were overgrown with weeds, and the drive up to the front door was in little better order than a country lane. The house itself, an old mansion, built in the style known as black and white, seemed in many places to be almost ruinous. The tiles had fallen off and left large patches in the roof uncovered. The windows of the principal sitting-rooms had lost most of their glass,

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and were either stopped by boards or left open to the weather. The house-door had disappeared, and its place was supplied by a rough wicket gate. The only rooms that appeared to be inhabited were the kitchen and pantry of the house, together with a few bedrooms

which had once been appropriated to servants.

The decay of the Milwoods had been as gradual. but as sure as that of their family mansion. generations previously they had been one of the leading families in Wiltshire,—the largest landowners, with one or two exceptions, in the whole county. troubles which followed the accession of the Stuarts proved unusually disastrous to them. Geoffrey Milwood had to compound with the Parliamentary Commissioners by the forfeiture of half the family estate; his grandson Julius lost a large part of what remained in consequence of his adhesion to the fortunes of James II. His son again, and his grandson, undeterred by these misfortunes, took part in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, and still with the same calamitous result. It was with difficulty that the ministers of George II. could be induced to grant any terms at all to a family, which had for so many generations abused the mercy shown them. Though Everard Milwood's life was spared, so heavy a fine was imposed on him as to oblige him to mortgage the whole of his remaining estate, with but little prospect of his ever being able He tried hard, however, to retrieve his to redeem it. With the help of his two sons and a fallen fortunes. few farm labourers, he cultivated the fields lying immediately round the Grange, as his house was called. He dropped the laced coat and periwig, and assumed the hodden grey of the peasants round him. removed his family to the offices of the mansion. turning the state rooms into granaries and stables; and lived on fare little better than that of his own farm servants. By these means he contrived to realize a sufficient income to keep himself and household from starvation. But life dragged on wearily with him, and every year seemed to add to the depression, from which he was only roused by some unusual occurrence.

On the present occasion his indignation had been excited in no ordinary degree by the tidings which his eldest son Julius had just brought with him from London. Dr. Cameron, the brother of the celebrated Lochiel, having incurred anew the suspicion of the Government, had been tried upon the Bill of Attainder found against him eight years before, and hanged at Tyburn. He was an old comrade of Everard Milwood; and so unusual an act of severity might well have stirred the anger of a less determined partisan of the exiled family than he was.

"How long will England endure these butcheries?" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Have they not shed blood enough already to wash out all the scores they charge against us a hundred times over! Is this never to cease, till every loyal gentleman has paid the penalty

of his faithfulness with his life?"

"They spared you to us, my husband," said Mrs.

Milwood, gently.

"Yes! They contented themselves with making me a beggar; knowing that to be a worse death than hanging and quartering," rejoined the squire, more vehemently than before. "I tell you, Eleanor, I have been patient, as you know, all these years. I have seen the old Grange crumble piecemeal into ruin. I have toiled as a drudge on the lands where my fathers hunted their own hounds. I have herded with ploughmen and cowboys, and have borne it all without complaint. But a few drops more, such as this murder of my friend, would make the cup run over, and I would endure it no more. I would sell all that remains of

our land, and the poor old Grange, and leave England

for ever, rather than witness it."

"And why should we not leave England, sir?" asked Julius. "What is there now to induce us to remain here? We have long seen that—do what we will—there is no hope that our fortunes will mend. If we had money to bring these bare acres which now feed a few miserable sheep, into cultivation, or cut down these woods, and drain these wastes, we might in time better our condition. But mortgaged as the land is, all this is impossible. In spite of all our efforts we grow poorer rather than richer, every year."

"But it is our home, Julius," said his mother. "It is our home, and we shall find that nowhere else."

"Our home!" repeated the young man. "Yes, it is the place where we were born, and where we have lived till now. In that sense it is our home doubtless, but in no other. It is not the home that our fathers possessed, nay, to which you yourself, sir, were born."

"We are still the Milwoods of Milwood Grange,

boy," said his father, proudly.

"True, sir," rejoined Julius, "we are so. I have the right to hold my head as high as Charles Herbert, or Walter Thynne, or any of them. I may go, if I will, to the fairs and the cock-fights in my homespun suit, and walk arm-in-arm with their laced roquelaures; or I may join the hunt, mounted on old Greystock, who would doubtless make as good a show as his spavins would allow. To do them justice, they would not openly laugh if they thought I saw them. But the privilege is scarce worth the trouble and pain it entails. In another country we should not be the Milwoods of Milwood, but there would be none at least who could make us their jest and byword."

"You say well, Julius," said Arthur. "I have seldom gone to any of the county gatherings without

inwardly resolving that it should be the last time I would attend them. If you, father, are willing to leave England, I should be ready to go with you."

"What says your mother, lad?" asked the squire; if she raises no objection, I make none. It would be a tough matter to transplant so old a tree as I am. But though I should scarce flourish elsewhere, it would be better than dying by inches at home. What

say you, Dame Milwood, to the proposal?"

"Do not speak of it, I pray," said Mrs. Milwood, turning pale as she heard the question. "I could never bear it. Leave the Grange—that would be hard enough to bear; but I suppose I could endure that, if need should be. But leave England—cross the seas—go among strangers—lose all old friends, and find no new ones in their place—it would kill me, Everard; do not speak of it."

"Nay, if you take it so," returned her husband, "there is no more to be said. We must e'en go on as we have done; and bear it as patiently as we may. Our time, after all, will not be so long, and then our lads will be free to please themselves. Come, it is time we go to drive the cows home. The evening is

beginning to shut in already."

A few days after this conversation Julius Milwood quitted the Grange, leaving no information as to the place whither he had gone. A letter was received some five or six days after his departure, in which he merely said that for good and sufficient reasons he had left England, and the time of his return was uncertain, and might be long delayed. They must not be out of heart if they did not hear of him for a long time, but keep a brave spirit and trust that all would come right in the end.

This letter comforted the old squire, if it did not entirely satisfy him. "He is right to go," he said,

"though I am sorry to lose him. England is no place for a stout-hearted lad like him; and go where he will, he will never disgrace us." His mother said little; her cheeks seemed to grow paler, and her step more feeble, from the day of her son's departure. She kept her sorrow to herself, and the household soon settled down again to its former condition. Iulius's disappearance produced effects on which he had not reckoned. Rumour affirmed that he had been implicated in the Jacobite plot which had just come to light, and obliged to fly the country for fear of the consequences. These reports produced so much sensation, that one of the county magistrates, who was a zealous adherent of the House of Hanover. felt it his duty to pay a visit to Milwood Grange, and require an explanation of its owner. He obtained but little satisfaction from the stout old squire, and was obliged to depart no wiser than he came. But he took care to avenge his outraged dignity by all the petty means at his command: and thenceforth the Milwoods became the objects of continual suspicion; which not only subjected them to all sorts of annovances, but even caused serious injury. They were shunned by their neighbours as dangerous acquain-The farmers were reluctant to have dealings with them, except on terms of exorbitant profit. Their labourers demanded higher wages on account of the ill name they got by working for them. Their fields were trespassed on, and their property damaged, but they could obtain no satisfaction at Quarter Sessions. Each year saw their debts increasing and their resources diminishing. So matters went on, until in the seventh year after Julius's departure the crisis of their fortunes seemed to have arrived. were unable to pay the interest on the mortgages; and the threats of foreclosure, which had been once or

twice obscurely hinted at, were openly put forth. The sale of Milwood Grange, with all the farming stock and valuables of every kind, was resolved on by the creditors, unless their claims should at once be satisfied; and this they and every one knew to be wholly

impossible.

Just at this time an unexpected occurrence once more attracted Squire Bradford's attention. This was the arrival of a foreign gentleman, entirely unknown in the neighbourhood, who was charged with a letter for Mr. He arrived late one evening, no one knew whence, and departed early the next morning, no one knew whither. The contents of the letter were not disclosed, so far as was known, to any one. The whole affair appeared extremely suspicious; and Mr. Bradford held himself bound to repair again to the Grange, and demanded to be informed respecting this mysterious visitor—by some declared to be an agent of Charles Edward, and by others Charles Edward himself. Experiencing a still more curt reception than on the former occasion, the magistrate took his leave, outwardly bridling his wrath, but inwardly resolved to avenge his outraged dignity by forthwith communicating with Mr. Pitt on the subject.

The squire witnessed his exit with much satisfaction, which would have been considerably abated had he been aware of his visitor's intentions. The messenger whose arrival had caused so much commotion, had been despatched by one Colonel Rutherford; one of his old companions in arms, who had fought by his side at Culloden, but had escaped the vengeance of the Hanoverian party by emigrating to America. He had there, so he told his friend, changed his name, and engaged in commerce, in which he had been eminently successful. He had heard from a friend of the de-

pression of his old comrade's fortunes, and was anxious that he and his family should join him in the New World: where whatever capital they might still possess, would bring in a return not to be hoped for in the old country. He concluded by giving his address, which was a house in the environs of Ouebec: but begged that his letter might be destroyed as soon as read, and its contents revealed to no one.

The old man was not disinclined to comply with his friend's suggestion. Even before his son's departure he had lost much of his attachment to his hereditary home, and every year since that time had weakened it yet further. He knew also that he should have the full concurrence of Arthur. who was now absent in London endeavouring to arrange matters as advantageously as possible with the creditors. Mr. Milwood was sure of his approval; but he feared that the years which had passed since the scheme was last discussed, had not abated his wife's aversion to it. He resolved, however, to ascertain how the fact stood, and accordingly, about a fortnight after the arrival of Colonel Rutherford's letter, he opened the subject with her. They were seated in the summer-house, as on the former occasion, contemplating the principal frontage of the house, which now looked more dilapidated and forlorn than Arthur had not yet returned from London, but was expected on the following day.

"Well, dame," began the squire, "the sale is over. I hear. We have got as much money for the old place as I suppose it is worth, though my father would have looked strange at any one who hinted at such a But we have got as much as was expected, and

now the next thing is, where are we to go?"

"How long will they let us remain here?" asked Mrs. Milwood.

"Well, perhaps a fortnight, or a month, if they are in unusually good humour," answered her husband. "But where will be the good of waiting for that? To my thought, every hour that we pass here will be only so much additional sorrow."

"You are right," said Mrs. Milwood. "The sooner the pain is over the better. Let us go at once, but do not let us go far from Milwood. Surely we can find a home to shelter us near at hand, humble though it be."

The squire's face fell as he heard the answer; but he resolved to make another trial to overcome her reluctance to the step he so much desired. He pointed out to her, that if they had failed to obtain a living while farming their own land and dwelling in the midst of their own friends and neighbours, it was every way unlikely that they would succeed anywhere else in England. The result of such an attempt would inevitably be, that they would go on getting poorer—only more rapidly than they had during their residence of late years at the Grange—and in the end they would have no home left them in England, or anywhere else, except, perhaps, the parish workhouse.

"The workhouse!" repeated Mrs. Milwood. "Ah, it may come to that at last. But even the workhouse would be better than a strange land. We know what we have to bear here, and can bear it. But who

knows what troubles we might find there!"

"Troubles! troubles!" exclaimed the squire, impatiently. "Have we never suffered any here, that you are so greatly afraid of them? And what do you expect to meet with in Canada worse than we have endured at home for the last twenty years—want of food, cold, sickness? The soil is one of the most fertile in the world, and there is plenty for all, even for those much poorer than we are; the climate is mild

and delicious, and as beautiful as you will find anywhere; every one who knows the country says so."

"Do not be angry with me," returned his wife. "I know I must seem foolish. But I cannot bring myself to bear the thought of leaving England. I have tried, indeed I have. Arthur has often told me all, and more than all that you have now said on the subject. He has talked to me of the virgin soil, and the rich woods, and the broad rivers of the New World, until in fancy I have almost longed for them. But let me try ever so much, I could not forget that the land, however beautiful and fertile, was a land of strangers. And besides—" She paused, as if unwilling to proceed. "Besides what, dame?" asked Mr. Milwood. "Let me know your whole mind on this subject, I pray you."

"Besides," resumed Mrs. Milwood, "if Julius should

return——"

"Well, so he will, I doubt not," said the squire, as his wife again broke off. "The lad will return in time, and return with honour, I will be surety for it. You know we have heard regularly every year, from one channel or another, that he is alive and prospering, though circumstances will not yet allow of his return."

"I was not complaining," answered Mrs. Milwood.
"Nor have I any fear that Julius will forget his parents, or his home either. It is not a twelvemonth yet, since the picture of the Grange was taken at his request, and sent out to him. I doubt not it reached him, though he will not allow us to know his address."

"Well, he is probably right in that too," said the squire. "I judge he has entered the service of some foreign sovereign, or perhaps has leagued himself with those loyal gentlemen who are even yet labouring for the restoration of their lawful king. If so, it would be fraught with peril to all, if he were to transmit more

particular information of his doings. In any case I do not see how his probable return need affect this question. He will have no difficulty, be sure, in discovering our new abode, or following us thither."

"Perhaps," rejoined Mrs. Milwood. "But I cannot bear the thought of his returning to the home of his

birth, and finding it occupied by strangers."

The squire sate silent for a while. It was evident that his wife's nervous fears were too deeply seated to be removed by any argument that he could urge. It would be alike impossible for him to compel her assent, or leave her behind in England. There seemed to be no help for it. The scheme must be abandoned.

He was startled from his reverie by the sound of horse's hoofs. He looked up in some surprise. A man, in whom he had some difficulty in recognising his son Arthur, was just alighting from a horse; which, like its rider, was splashed with mud from head to foot, and showed symptoms of great weariness and exhaustion. was indeed urgent need for haste. He had learned by a strange chance that an order for his father's arrest and committal to Newgate on a charge of high treason had been signed by the Secretary of State, and that the officers would set out by the Bath coach on the following day for the purpose of executing it. Fortunately the coach ran but three times a week, and he thus obtained a start of four-and-twenty hours. Some friends of his family had furnished him with a horse, and he had been fortunate enough to obtain another at Maidenhead. By dint of riding as fast as these would carry him, he had reached Milwood in ten hours. As the coach would not leave London until the following morning, and was more than one day in accomplishing the journey to Newbury, they had time to make their escape if so minded.

On hearing this intelligence Mrs. Milwood's oppo-

sition gave way. It was plain that although her husband might be able to prove his innocence of the charges brought against him, which, however, was more than doubtful under the circumstances—he would have to undergo a long and weary imprisonment, and the cost of his defence would strip him of the little money he still possessed. The only hope of escaping this most unwelcome consequence, lay in immediate flight; and she was now the first to advocate it. Within a few hours they had quitted the Grange for ever, taking with them all the money and valuables they possessed—which indeed were not difficult of transport. In two days they reached Bristol, and were fortunate enough to obtain a passage for Quebec in a merchant ship, then on the very point of sailing.

Mrs. Milwood tried hard to conceal the depression which returned upon her as soon as the ship had safely cleared the harbour. But her efforts were vain. Her heart sank more and more with every mile of sea she traversed; every passing hour seemed to cut her off more hopelessly from the home to which she still clung in fancy as fondly as ever. The secluded life she had led at home, where she had rarely for years past seen any but "old familiar faces," tended to heighten her morbid dread of all that was new and As they approached the shores of the New World, this feeling grew so strong that she shut herself up in her cabin, shrinking from the very sight of the land to which she had taken so deep an aversion. When at last the vessel, after mounting up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, cast her anchor under the shadow of Cape Diamond, she received the tidings more like a criminal who hears the bell toll for his execution, than a traveller released from the tedium of a long and weary voyage.

Her husband and son made no effort now to change

her feeling, sad experience having convinced them that the attempt was hopeless. Much out of heart, they went on shore to seek out Colonel Rutherford, at whose house they hoped to find a temporary shelter. They returned on board a few hours afterwards, accompanied by a tall bearded stranger, and at once descended the ladder to Mrs. Milwood's cabin. The latter had evidently had a hard struggle with herself, and accosted them as they entered more cheerfully than they had expected.

"Is the boat alongside?" she said, rising as she

spoke. "I am ready to go on shore if it is."

"That is right, my love," said her husband. "We have seen Colonel Rutherford, who has made all the necessary preparations for our reception for a few days at his house. And this gentleman," he turned to the tall stranger, "has come off with us to assure us of our welcome."

"This gentleman! Who is he? I cannot see strangers," exclaimed Mrs. Milwood, her nervous agitation returning at the unexpected introduction. But even as she spoke something in the expression of the new comer's face arrested her attention. She paused in her speech, and looked steadfastly at his features with the wondering gaze of one who beholds some delightful vision which he fears every moment will vanish into air. At length her indecision seemed ended. She made one step forward, and threw herself on her visitor's neck, exclaiming, "Julius, my son, is it you indeed that I see?"

A long and joyful explanation followed. Julius related that he had in the first instance volunteered on board a British frigate about to sail for the Spanish Main, where his gallant bearing and superior education had soon raised him to a position of trust in the vessel. In his first voyage they had had the good for-

tune to rescue a merchant ship from the clutches of a pirate, and bring it safe into Boston harbour. been sent by the captain to communicate with the owner of the ship, Mr. Southern, of Quebec, who had recognised in him the son of an old companion in arms with whom he had last parted on the fatal heath of Culloden. Colonel Rutherford, for such was his real name, had extended at once the hand of friendship to him. He had received him into his house, and after a few years' service given him the junior partnership, which he still held. At the outbreak of the war with the French, the partners had raised a regiment among their countrymen in Canada which rendered such efficient service to General Wolfe, that after the cession of the country to the British, they received a considerable grant of land in the neighbourhood of Quebec as a reward. Julius was of opinion that he had now realized enough to enable him to fulfil the purpose for which he had quitted England—the maintenance, namely, of his parents for the rest of their days in competence and comfort. He had been busy for the last twelvemonth in bringing the land of his new estate under cultivation, and in adding to and altering the house, on which a good deal of money had been spent. Mr. Rutherford, a rich man now, with no heir to succeed him, had taken almost as much interest in the progress of the work as the owner himself. It was his special fancy to see with his own eyes the delighted surprise of the Milwoods when they should learn all that had taken place; and Julius, who owed all to him, could not oppose his fancy. cordingly he had allowed the summons to Quebec to be sent to Mr. Milwood through Mr. Rutherford, who was now, as Julius in conclusion informed his mother, awaiting her arrival at his house near Quebec. panied by their host, set out to visit Julius's property. It was early summer, the most delicious season of the year, and everything was bright and fresh and bloom-After travelling a few miles, they turned off the main road into a broad lane running through a wood of maples and spruce firs, before which lay a stretch of meadow land with an avenue of splendid trees leading up to the house. At the entrance of this avenue the building itself came in sight, and a cry of surprise and delight simultaneously broke from the three new Was this Canada—a strange land, thousands of miles away from their native England? No! surely. this was England—that house could be no other than Milwood Grange itself. There were the high gables. the Elizabethan windows, the projecting porch, the walls with their horizontal and diagonal beams filled in with lath and plaster, and quaintly coloured. There was the drive before the house, the old familiar grassplat and flower beds—nay, there was actually the oldfashioned summer-house itself. There were three yews, to be sure, instead of two, and the roof was somewhat lower, but otherwise it was so like that it would have been difficult to know them apart. And now they drove up to the front door, and Julius descending first, led his mother into a room the fac-simile itself of their parlour at Milwood Grange before the evil times set in—the shape, dimensions, the very furniture itself, the exact reproduction of their ancient home.

Mrs. Milwood gazed round her on every side, as though bewildered with her own happiness—then smiling through her tears, she threw herself once more on her son's neck, exclaiming, "My boy, my boy! this is home indeed! My anxieties are at rest for ever."

Ay, reader, and when we too are full of doubt and anxiety respecting the unknown world that lies beyond the waters of death; when we are loth, as it is our nature to be, to leave all that we have loved or with which we have become familiar, and take in its place what is strange and new-is it not full of comfort to remember Him, who "has gone there to prepare a place for us?" Whatever home of earthly happiness we may have possessed below, it has been of His making, and He will surely prepare another such a home above, only a thousandfold more glorious and joyful! None can know the longings of our hearts as He does; none but He can satisfy them. He is not only the kindest and the surest of all friends, but the only sure one. We may hope and trust that we shall meet others there, but we are sure only of meeting Him. sad, the suffering, and the lonely on earth, never were words so blessed as those, "I go to prepare a place for you."



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